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## EARL ORMOND'S SWORD.*

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

'Twas in the days before us, of which historians sing,
When Wentworth held, in Erin's Isle, strong rule for Charles the king,
That an Irish parliament he called, for some of wrongs complained,
While he with pageantry and pomp, a Viceroy's state maintain'd.

He call'd an Irish parliament, and thus the warrant ran
That from their far estates and homes convok'd each chosen man:
"Come duly to the accustomed place, prepared to speak your mind,
And grant the king his subsidies, but leave your swords behind."

They came, and dark the Barons' brows were wrapped in wrathful shade,
As at the entrance of the hall their trusty arms they laid,
But the stout young Earl of Ormond appeared the gate before,
And firmly by his girded breast the sword ancestral wore.

Then the Usher of the black-rod stretched out his hand to take
The weapon from Lord Ormond's side, who loud and boldly spake,
Though newly come to man's estate, a fearless knight was he:
"Thou only through thy body shalt receive this sword from me."

So, to his seat among the peers he strode with haughty port,
And told the amazed Lord Governor and all his listening court,
That "*per cincturam gladii*," he took his father's crest,
And "*cinctum gladio*," held it still, while life-blood warmed his breast.

Then Wentworth in his pride of power gave the recusant grace,
And let the brave young noble keep all undisturbed his place,
And well the sword that thus was spared did loyal service yield,
And brightly flash for England's on many a listed field.

Though Wentworth, who the coronet of Stratford's earldom bore,
Beneath the unpitying headsman's axe fell down to rise no more,
And mournful was his warning cry when to the scaffold bound,—
"Put not your trust in princes, for in them no help is found."
[illegible] signed,
Must taste the same red cup of blood and vanish like the wind,
Where earth's prerogatives and crowns are but forgotten things,
And all must stand and give account unto the King of kings.

*Hartford, January 28th, 1862.*

* See Leland's History of Ireland, Volume 3d.

# THE SECRET CYPHER;

OR,

# MYSTERY OF A LIFETIME.

BY LIEUT. HENRY L. LANGFORD,

AUTHOR OF "THE TRIAD; OR, ARNOLD THE TRAITOR."

## CHAPTER I.

An old man stood upon the steep bank that overlooks the harbor of Danville. Long gray locks straggled from underneath his hat; his face was thin, and overspread with deep lines of care and sorrow. His eyes were unsettled, and roved strangely from one object to another. His lips murmured inaudible words, and from the strange start which he sometimes gave, he seemed to be subject to some nervous disease. His whole appearance and manner was wild and weird, but the deep gloom that was fixed on his brow, and the quick, piercing flash of his eye excited wonder, while they repelled curiosity.

The harbor of Danville lay enclosed among high surrounding hills. But one narrow opening communicated with the outer sea. Here the tide ran furiously among rocks and whirlpools and flashing currents. Here, too, the thick mists and fog banks from the ocean gathered in impenetrable masses, through which the blinded sailor groped his way with difficulty. There the tide, in its ebb and flow, bore them helplessly about through the opaque atmosphere, until at length the roar of the breakers sounded in their ears the knell of death. The wrecks that strewed the shore told of the dangers of the sea.

A vessel had just arrived at the wharf of Danville. It was the packet schooner that ran between this place and the neighboring town of Walton, which was separated from it by a wide arm of the sea. All was hurry and noise and confusion. The descending booms creaked, and the loosened sails flapped furiously in the fitful gusts of wind. Lines were thrown out from the shore, and the vessel was gradually warped in close to her moorings. Long before she touched the wharf, however, a young man bounded over the intervening space, and walked rapidly away.

He was a tall and athletic young man, with broad shoulders and imposing presence. His face was formed in the boldest Roman type, his hair clustered in dark curls over his brow, and his eyes were peculiarly lustrous and piercing. He carried in his hand a small valise, which was covered over with labels of European railroads and hotels. With a quick and firm step he walked onward until he reached the place where the old man was standing.

Upon this latter the effect which his presence produced was striking. At the moment when the young man had leaped ashore, his attention had been arrested, and he remained rooted to the spot. His face grew livid, the nervous shudders passed through his frame more rapidly than ever, and he staggered as though he would fall.

"Well, Mr. Murdock," said the new comer, "how do you do? You appear not to know me. No wonder. Four years make quite a change. Have you forgotten Cyril Aymar?"

"Cyril," murmured Mr. Murdock.

"But what is the matter?" said the other. "You are weak; you will fall. Take my arm and let me lead you home."

THE RESCUE.

"Oh, it's nothing, it's nothing," said Murdock, with a strange, wandering way. "I was only startled by your resemblance to your father. Your appearance took me by surprise. I thought it was surely your father come back twenty-five years."

"And if you had," said Cyril, cheerily, "it should not make you tremble. But I did not know that you were acquainted with my father in his youth."

"I saw him occasionally," said Murdock, turning away.

"Will you not let me accompany you home?"

"I am not going home. I thank you for your kindness," and he turned abruptly away.

Cyril Aymar seemed to understand the old man's peculiarities, however, so he resumed his journey. He walked along the principal street, looking about him with a glance of delight, as though he recognized with pleasure the features of the pleasant little village. At length he turned up a steep hill, and at the top he entered the gateway of a large and handsome house. Several dogs leaped forward, and after snuffing at the visitor, they bounded around him with barks of delight. An old negro servant looked out of the door, and uttering a joyous cry, ran into the house. By the time that he reached the porch a number of servants had gathered there, who cried out:

"Master Cyril! Master Cyril! Welcome back at last!"

Cyril greeted them kindly.

"Where is the Judge?"

"Here," said a tall and stately man, who at that moment made his appearance. "Welcome back, Cyril! Why, how you have changed. Four years make a great alteration in one."

"Well, Judge Rawdon," said Cyril, warmly shaking hands with him, "they have made no change in you."

Hereupon Cyril entered with the Judge, who prepared to treat his guest in the true spirit of hospitality.

"Where is Leila?" asked Cyril, with a slight flush.

"She went out sailing early this morning. She will be amazed to see her old playmate, for she hasn't the slightest idea that you have returned from Europe."

"It's rather a squally day to be out," said Cyril, uneasily.

"Oh, it's not rough," said the Judge. "There's only a slight gust occasionally—just sufficient to give excitement. Besides, Judah Murdock is a good sailor."

"Is he with her?" said Cyril, with evident vexation.

"Yes," said the Judge, smiling at the young man's emotion.

"It is certainly dangerous for a small sail boat. The gusts of wind at the entrance of the harbor are terrific, and the fog is as dense as water. I hope they will keep in the harbor."

"Oh, Murdock is too cautious to put himself in any danger."

"I saw old Murdock as I came up," said Cyril, glad to change the conversation. "He has broken down very much. I was surprised at the effect that I produced on him. When he saw me he nearly fainted."

"That man is an unfathomable mystery."

"He seems to be crushed under the weight of some deep sorrow."

"Or crime," said the Judge.

"It must be so. His start, his strange, unsettled glance of inquiry, his eagerness to be alone, and his wild soliloquies, all seem to arise from a troubled conscience. I would give a great deal to penetrate his secret."

"Whatever it is, it had far better remain a secret. At present no one knows anything about it. Even his own son is ignorant. He has often spoken to me about it. He thinks it is the effect of his mother's death. She died young."

"Very probably."

"I wonder where he came from."

"He says that he was born in London. But he seems much more like a native of this country. At any rate, he has been all over the world. You cannot mention a country with which he is not familiar. He says that he [illegible] years."

"And nothing more is known about him?"

"Absolutely nothing."

"Strange that no word should have been dropped."

"He guards his secret [illegible]. In a gossiping place like this any careless word would be at once noticed, but thus far the curiosity of the villagers has been completely baffled."

While the conversation thus went on, the Judge and Cyril became aware of a swiftly rising storm. Heavier and heavier grew the gusts of wind, and great clouds arose, spreading rapidly over the sky.

"I wish that Leila was home," said the Judge, uneasily.

"That's just what I've been thinking during the last hour," said Cyril, rising and going to the window.

A few drops of rain now fell, preceding a heavy shower, which increased into a perfect torrent. Suddenly a flash of lightning darted from a pile of black clouds, followed by an angry crash of thunder. The gusts had now increased into a gale, which grew stronger every moment.

"I cannot stand this," said Cyril. "I will run down and see what has become of her."

The Judge said nothing, but seizing his hat, he hurried from the house with Cyril.

"The storm has come up very suddenly," said the Judge, as they hurried down.

"Yes. But I knew when we entered the channel that it was coming."

At every step the wind increased more and more.

"My only hope is," said the Judge, with an agitation which he could not conceal, "that they have landed, and are now taking shelter from the rain."

## CHAPTER II.

They soon reached the steep bank of Danville harbor. Below lay a sandy beach which the tide had left uncovered, and on one side the shore ran steeply down into deep water. Here the waves rolled in from the outer sea with terrific violence, and dashed themselves to spray upon the rocks. Far and wide the spacious harbor was covered with white-capped waves, and where the channel opened, there great ocean surges came rolling in with ever-increasing fury.

The sky was now completely overspread with clouds as black as night, which lay piled in vast heaps over the northern horizon, transferring their dark hues to the face of the sea itself, which now presented a wide waste of raging waves. The fog had all been blown away by the increasing violence of the gale and the winds which careered in unrestrained fury over the outer sea, now poured in through the channel with concentrated energy.

A crowd of the villagers had assembled here, and stood gazing out at sea.

"There's a hard chance now for any craft out there," said one.

"That's so," said another. "It's one of the wildest storms ever I saw."

"They say young Murdock is out with the Judge's daughter."

"You don't say so!—and has he the Judge's boat or his own?"

"The Judge's."

"Then he's a gone sucker."

"Or perhaps he's got ashore."

"I guess he's got ashore the wrong way, then."

At this moment a tremendous crash of thunder interrupted the conversation. It burst with a deafening peal overhead, and then spread away in long volleying rolls of sound till it died in long reverberations over the distant hills.

At that moment Cyril and the Judge burst into the crowd, and looked out upon the sea.

"They haven't landed in Danville," said the Judge, in a tone of agony. "No one has seen them. They are out in that raging flood."

"Restrain yourself and hope for the best," said Cyril, with forced calmness. "Perhaps they are all safe."

At this moment a cry escaped from the crowd. "Look! Look! There she is!" The Judge's [illegible]

The Judge grasped Cyril's arm convulsively, and cried in a hoarse whisper:

"Do you see?"

Cyril had already seen. His hope died away—his heart almost ceased to beat.

There, at the entrance of the channel, a little open boat flew before the raging hurricane. In the stern was a female figure, and near her was a man. The sail had been closely reefed, but so furious was the blast that it seemed as though every fresh gust would hurl it to destruction.

The little vessel was surrounded by wild and foaming billows. Over these she bounded lightly, now rising high upon the crest of some giant wave, now sinking down in some deep hollow, till it seemed as though she had gone from sight forever.

Every eye was fixed on the frail craft, as she gallantly struggled with the raging elements; every tongue was mute in that time of suspense. Borne onward by the hurricane, she rapidly entered the harbor, but every moment seemed lengthened to hours in their dread anxiety. The Judge still clung to Cyril in his agony of suspense, and pale as death looked out upon the danger that impended over his beloved daughter.

Nearer and nearer came the boat, still rising and plunging over the enormous seas that rolled in toward the shore. She was now so near that Leila and Murdock could both be distinguished plainly, the former deadly pale, but calm and motionless; the latter apparently distracted with excitement. At length, when opposite the spectators, he began to take a tack in toward the shore. It was a fearful moment, for such a manœuver was attended with the utmost danger. The boat was now not more than a quarter of a mile away.

"Oh, the fool! the fool!" cried Cyril, bursting into imprecations and passionate cries, as he saw Murdock desperately tugging at a rope, and evidently bewildered by his danger. If ever cool courage and presence of mind were needed, it was then, for to turn in such a gale toward the shore was a dangerous task.

Gradually the boat turned. But the sheets were entangled. Murdock pulled desperately. In his fright he dropped the tiller and rose up. The boat was half round. At that instant a giant wave caught her, and seemed to hurl her out of the water; a moment after and she was plunged downward and hidden from view in a dark tumult of waves.

A cry of agony burst forth from the crowd. But soon hope returned, though faintly. As the wave rolled on, the dark form of the boat appeared once more. Leila floated in the water clinging to the stern, and Murdock was striking out for the shore.

"The coward!" cried one of the men. "He has got the life-preserver, and he is leaving Miss Rawdon."

"A rope! A rope!" shouted Cyril, in loud tones.

Divested of hat and coat and boots, he stood there with hair streaming in the wind, and eyes that flashed like live coals.

Several men rushed forward. Hastily seizing a line from one of them, he bound it tightly round his waist, and gave some brief directions. Then he advanced to the edge of the bank. Beneath him rolled the dark form of the ocean billows, as they successively dashed against the shore. Not a word was uttered as he prepared to spring. Awe-struck by such unheard of daring, the crowd looked on in silence.

A great wave advanced; it touched and broke in thunder against the cliff. There was a leap, a plunge, and Cyril had disappeared. Diving under the water, he reappeared beyond the third wave, and again plunged and reappeared once more beyond the large billows that rolled against the shore.

Never did swimmer encounter a more dreadful sea. Around him the huge waves rioted and plunged as though to overwhelm the rash mortal who thus dared to venture among them. The stout sailors on shore looked on in mute suspense, wondering at the spectacle. The Judge stood rooted to the spot, all his heart going with the bold adventurer who thus risked all for the salvation of his child.

Boldly and strongly Cyril struck out in the direction of the boat. But in such a sea the swiftest swimmer could not hope to make any but a slow progress. Now rising to the crest of some enormous wave, now sinking far down in the deep hollows of the rolling surges, he thus appeared and disappeared till the suspense of the silent spectators grew almost too great for endurance. Still the swimmer kept on his way, with no apparent abatement of strength or resolution, his eye fixed on the boat before him, as it rose and fell with the tossing billows.

Still Leila held on, her white face turned imploringly to the shore. She knew not that help was coming, nor did she think of the strong swimmer that was approaching to succor and to save.

Wind and tide were both strong, and while they opposed the progress of Cyril, they yet assisted his efforts by bringing nearer to him every moment the object of his search. Gradually the space between them lessened, gradually the approach of salvation grew nearer. But a few yards intervened; a few strokes more and he will reach the boat. At last he was taken up by an enormous wave, which lifted him far on high, so that the eager eyes of the maiden, as they gazed toward the shore, rested full upon him. One leap, one plunge, and Cyril was close beside her, his strong arm around her, his low voice speaking words of hope, and life, and safety.

One wild cry of wonder and of joy, and her strength all left her. She hung senseless in his arms. He pressed the dear burden to his heart, and clinging to the boat, held her high out of the water.

But there were other arms to help them now. As Cyril touched the boat there burst from the spectators one wild outcry of joy. Seizing the rope which was connected with Cyril, they [illegible] The boat now yielded to their efforts, and came rapidly nearer. Cyril clung to it strongly, but still more strongly did he preserve from the wrathful waves the precious form of her who had so narrowly escaped their fury.

At length the boat was close to the shore. It had been pulled so as to clear the headland, and was brought ashore at a place which was to some extent sheltered from the violence of the sea. Here a hundred hands were outstretched to relieve Cyril of his burden. But he refused them all, and bearing her in his arms, he carried her with jealous care up the beach, and into a house. There, and there only, would he give her up. But at that moment the strength which had held out so long failed him utterly, and even as Leila opened her eyes to find herself saved, she saw her deliverer fall exhausted at her feet.

## CHAPTER III.

Shortly after Cyril had been drawn ashore, a huge wave threw a human being violently upon the beach. The man staggered forward with gasping cries, and at once was seized by a dozen outstretched hands. For a while he lay panting and breathless upon the sand, but soon regained strength. Then, in a weak voice, he cried:

"Help her, save her."

"Who?"

"Miss Rawdon."

"She is safe."

"Safe! How?"

"No thanks to you," said a stout fisherman. "You got the life-preserver for yourself."

"She had the boat."

"And she would have been down among the dead men by this time, if that was all."

"The boat was enough. I had to save myself!"

"Then take care of yourself now, since you are so precious," said the man, turning away.

"Who saved Miss Rawdon?" he asked, again.

"A young fellow jumped in and swam out with a rope."

"Swam out?"

"Yes. It was a hard chance too. But he got there all right."

"Who was he?"

"Young Aymar from Walton."

"Cyril Aymar?" said the other, turning paler than ever.

Muttering something that sounded very much like a curse, Judah Murdock rose to his feet and walked away. He directed his steps to the house where Cyril and Leila had gone for refuge. He worked his way through the crowd outside, and entered.

Cyril lay on a sofa with closed eyes and heavy breathing. He glanced faintly at Judah Murdock as he came in, and spoke a few words. Murdock greeted him warmly, and inquired all about the rescue. He tried to excuse his desertion, by saying that he had been thrown out of the boat, and grasped the life-preserver that was floating near him.

"You are a wonderful swimmer."

"Yes, I am a pretty good one."

"But what is the matter? There is blood on your lips."

"Blood?" said Cyril, coolly, and he put his hand to his mouth. "Ah, I believe the doctor said that I have broken a blood vessel. It don't amount to anything, however."

"You had better take care of youself," said Judah, with apparent concern.

"Oh, there's no fear of me. I'm only anxious about her."

"How is she?"

"In a very critical state. The shock was terrible. She has just recovered from a swoon, and they hope that she will sleep a little."

After a few more inquiries Judah Murdock took his departure.

Leila's position was indeed a critical one. In

the terrific excitement of that expected peril to which she had been exposed, life and reason had almost been overthrown. The reaction of clinging to the best, against the power of the mighty waves that sought to overwhelm her, had also reduced the powers of nature to the last extremity. So she now lay hovering between life and death.

At last, however, she fell into a deep sleep. Her father hung over her in unspeakable solicitude, with tender love watching her for hours. The afternoon passed away, and evening came on before she awoke. Then she first opened her eyes, and looked faintly around her.

"Cyril."

She murmured this in a faint voice. A moment after she saw the Judge as he stepped over the sill.

"Dearest father," she cried, "how did I come here? Was it a dream? Is Cyril home?"

"Yes, Lily," said the Judge. "He is home, and we owe to him a debt of gratitude which we can never repay. He risked his own life to save yours!"

Lelia started up.

"And he?" she cried. "What has become of him?"

"He is safe, thank God! He's in the other room."

A warm blush suffused the lovely face of the maiden, and her eyes grew radiant with joy.

Strength came back to her with wonderful rapidity, and the power of joy to restore the shattered energies of nature was most evidenced in Lelia Rawdon. In a short time she proclaimed herself ready to dress.

The effort upon Cyril was similar. At the first sound of her voice he had aroused up, and as soon as she came out into the other room, he sprang to meet her. The beautiful face of Lelia was filled with mingled expressions of joy and gratitude, and other more tender emotions. Both were too much overcome to speak. Cyril contented himself with pressing the hand of her whom he had saved from a horrible death, and she for a few moments laid her head upon his shoulder.

A few weeks passed away, and the strength and joyous spirits of Lelia were completely restored. She had suffered no injury of any serious nature. They passed the time in one another's society, and gave themselves up to the sweet influences of love.

These two had been companions from childhood, but they had not associated during those years in which maturity is attained. Occupants here with one another's society, and with the bonds of childish preference suddenly transformed to the deathless union which love produces. Cyril saw in Lelia the perfection of that sweet image which he had cherished in his heart for long years; while she, on the other hand, beheld in the noble form of her hero, in the valor of her deeds, and in the tenderness of his face of his only love, a strong angel who had come to her in the hour of her need.

Thus one evening they walked together on their way home from a ramble on the shore. The moon was shining softly from the cloudless sky, throwing its mellow radiance over all the silent scene, and filling it with peace. They had walked on, arm in arm, in silence, for a long time, and finally at length Cyril spoke, in low and gentle tones:

"Lelia."

She looked up with a smile.

"I wish to tell you something," said Cyril, with much embarrassment. He paused, and at the same moment Lelia's eyes turned their full down, her long rich ringlets shading it completely from view.

"Lelia," he continued, "you must have seen it all in my conduct. I can keep my feelings to myself no longer. I can't speak them even if I shall if the danger I did."

Lelia trembled violently, but did not say a word.

"I have carried your darling image in my heart for years, the secret of which I have revealed to none for my fear as sweet as yours. I remember your dark eyes as they used to look up to your life, and ever since I left your my chief happiness has been the thought of our meeting again. If you had received me only as brother, I would have been happy; but I longed for a more tender union. Are my hopes vain? Shall I be disappointed? Oh, my love, tell me!"

He paused. The faintest sound escaped from Lelia's lips, but the answer was plainly heard by Cyril, and sent thrills of rapture through his being.

Then all his long-restrained feelings burst forth in a series of passionate exclamations. He twined his arms fondly around her slender form, and pressed her to his bosom.

They went on a little distance further, when suddenly they reached a turning. He paused.

A few stunned forth and scathed up towards the sky.

"Good evening," he said in a strange voice.

"Mr. John Judah, I believe," said Cyril, cautiously, and his voice was faintly altered.

"It is, sir—it is," said the man. "How you now have changed your name, sir!"

"Yes, very naturally," said Cyril, coldly. "Moreover, beautiful landscape, and pleasant company," said he, with a slight sneer.

"Very pleasant, sir," said Judah.

"Nothing," said Cyril, "not even the society of a tipsy sailor can mar these pleasures!"

"I take the hint," sneered Judah. "I'm not offended at what I said. It is quite natural. Good evening."

He walked away. Reaching the foot of the road, he turned and looked back. Their retreating figures in the distance among the fields.

Standing then, and gazing at them, his face expressed a fearful mixture of the fiercest passions. He clenched out his clenched fists and shook his head, and then he came that hate and jealousy gnashingly.

"So it is! I waste time here!" he cried, at last. "Fool that I am. Let my curses befall me, and I will go and get up my revenge!"

Saying this he turned again, and walking down the road with a slightly limp was soon out of sight.

## CHAPTER IV.

The Count Murdock was seated in his library. A book was lying open on his knee, but his eyes were fixed on vacancy. The same expression of anxiety and fear which was upon his face when he saw Cyril still was fixed upon it.

The monotonous ticks of the clock through the window at another of a dim light throughout the apartment. It was a old-fashioned room, with massive doors and mantelpiece, small panel windows and large fire-place. The book shelves, which filled three sides of the room, were of oak, and were crowded with volumes of old binding.

The old man's lips moved, and low sounds escaped them.

"Help its own punishment."

He gave a heavy sigh, and buried his face in his hands.

"Atonement is impossible—there remains only remorse!"

And as these words were a strange fascination to the word, and repeated it over and over again.

"Remorse! remorse!"

"What's all this about?" said a sneering voice behind him.

The old man fairly leaped from his seat in terror. For a moment he staggered, and at length catching sight of the speaker, he recovered himself.

"Oh, it's you, is it, Judah?" said he, faintly, and again took his chair.

"Yes," said Judah, "it's just case to. You're surprise. Worse than ever. You'd better go to bed."

"Peculiarly personally."

"I'll stay for a night," said Judah. "I wish to do some writings."

He gave directions to a servant brought lights, which diffused a cheerful radiance through the apartment. Judah drew his chair opposite his father, and both sat for some time in silence, involved in their own thoughts.

"Father," said Judah, at last.

"Well."

"What makes you look so at Cyril Avanar?"

"Cyril Avanar! Do I look at him in any peculiar way?" said the old man with evident confusion.

"Yes, you do—in a very peculiar way. It seems like a mixture of surprise and fear. Is there any reason?"

"Well," said the other, after a pause, "perhaps you schedule my expression. I don't know what you mean by suspicion and fear. There is no reason in this whole matter."

"What can there be?"

"Oh, sometimes we see strange resemblances in persons we meet, and sometimes it startles us."

"And it is so in this case—is it?"

The old man was silent.

"You must have had some singular experience in your life, father."

"All people have, more or less," said the other, in a tone which showed a desire to avoid further inquiry.

"Especially as Cyril Avanar himself was exciting my father. It is his resemblance to some one?" thought Judah. "I'll find out. There resembles is the object of dread. Now, who is he? I'll see through this matter, and solve the peculiarity my father's mystery. If I could only draw from him a hint! But I can't question."

"Could it have been a love affair?" he thought. "Cyril Avanar is the object of his mother. There is only one human being whom he ever loved, and he is dead. It is Lelia, the young daughter of Count Avanar.

"Bring Avanar!" he said. When it came to. He is the object of my father's secret. He is the one who threw out a mysterious hint about a secret connected with me. My father was born in this country. That I know.

"Lelia Avanar was born on the west shore. Therefore of a native which long years of wandering have made me. I had never left the United States. Dark event in his life must have taken place. He was Cyril. I have spy out my life, in the midst of time. He is reminded by his face of his only father. Strange! Lelia is dead. Cyril is the son the very verge of the secret."

My father and Count Avanar must have been in contact with one another in some unpleasant way, and the result was that Cyril was driven away, and Lelia was left to grow up in ignorance of the existence of her father's enemy.

Thus Judah Murdock mused. His mind gained new power from the effort, and turned its keen edge towards Cyril. Often before had he attempted to penetrate his father's secret, but in vain. Now, however, it seemed as if he had found a clue. He felt that he longed to make progress. All the raging passions that struggled within him found vent in further schemes.

Suddenly he locked the alcove, and looking at his father, he continued:

"Was Richard Avanar older than you?"

The old man looked at him with a look of agony. Large drops started on his brow, and his countenance was convulsed for a double period. He looked at Judah for some moments with a look of agony, as though he would read in his very soul. Judah was amazed at the effect of his question, and the mystery of it here involved, but with a secret triumph.

"Why do you look so at me, father?" he asked.

"What do you mean by that question that you asked?"

"I don't know. A thought struck me. It's a simple question. I was wondering whether he was older than you."

The old man started to his feet in a kind of frenzy.

"Stop!" he said, interrupting his son. "Never suppose that you will find out. Never, you mean by talking about him?"

"You mean by talking about him?" said Judah, coolly. "It's a very natural inquiry. Cyril Avanar and I are about the same age, and he appears older than he. Is it strange that I should think about the resemblance, and ask you about him?"

But the suspicions of his father could not be allayed. He saw that there was something deeper than all this. He was perplexed, and only by his son had excited him to a fearful degree. He felt that his motives seemed to be plain with tenfold strength.

"How should I know? But this same world is full of strange things," said Judah.

"I wish you never to mention it," said his father.

"Oh, certainly not. I never do before. In fact, I never had any reason to."

"And what occasion have you now?"

"Nothing, I tell you. Let it drop."

His father spoke relapsed into a deep fit of musing. He seemed like one who had suddenly directed at this every little while. He pretended not to see it.

"One thing is clear," thought he, "and that is, that Richard Avanar is the object of my father's secret. He is the centre-close. He seemed to have had in his hand my father's destiny. Now, or bad, he has evidently been his evil genius.

"What could it have been? Richard Avanar not have arisen from rivalry in love. My father married their sweetheart early, and there was no signs of love-sickness. What could it have been? His friend Avanar, while was the cause, there no doubt, just such a fellow as this cursed Cyril. He was not exactly the same itself could commit a crime: and yet crime of some kind undoubtedly it was. Richard Avanar was dead, and gives it all his power. Cousin of the world description, for father and son seem to be the

## THE BATTLE-GROUND.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

Oh, it is very terrible!
The great trees mark around,
A thousand curses, stark and grim,
Are plainly on the ground!
The pale moon seems to hold her breath
Above this heart-sown field,
Where any three stones strewn around?
Is it this sacrifice?
What were the thoughts that in their breath?
Why reckoned they their souls?
O, Night-wind, answer, while your hymns
Of sorrow echo through!

No answer from the Night-wind comes:
This blood from out their veins,
Will they not to that questioning
Give life, but reply?—
Ah, see the slightest murmur—there
The pines shiver in despair!

Why should they speak? They had no votes
In this tremendous strife:
Nor they implied over the field
Upon that awful day.
O, Wind and Moon, ye have a right!
To make new answer in the night!

Where are the noble crews around?—
Many—ah, most I tell!
Where are the noble shouldering world
Of men who fell?—
Where are the noble crews around?
No dead—no dead—no dead around!
Where are the new-born sons
Begotten for the—
Where are the new-born sons
Of a single fight?
Where are the new-born sons of toil,
Sons, like a thousand rolled,
Of—

O, still, no dead—no dead around!
No—yes, thou Moon! And trees
Of the old forest—ground and
Not one of these forgives!—
Look, when this murderous ground!

## INTO GOOD GROUND.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

What do you think of the sermon, Mr. Preston?" said our church member to another, it the time we were leaving the vestibule of the church out into the fifty parlors.

Mr. Preston gave a slight shrug, perceived by his companion as a sign of disapproval. They moved along, till they came to the outer steps, and to the pavement, closely pressed by the retiring audience.

"Strong meat," said the first speaker, as they got free to move more rapidly and leave moving down the street.

"Too strong for my stomach," replied Mr. Preston. "Something must have gone wrong with my digestive organs, for I have no relish for cast discourse."

"Indigestion, perhaps."

"Or unsoundly," said Mr. Preston.

"He was in a very severe mood, that much is certain. Why, he set nine-tenths of us over on the left hand side, and consigned us, without mercy, as if he were an avenging Nemesis. He actually made me shudder."

Then followed a free application of texts to the living men and women in a congregation in which there is a full, but inconsistent mixture of the professed and the real.

"Strong meat," said the first speaker, on getting out into the street where eager pedestrians in brighter, about the actual meaning of which there was not a little difference of opinion, pointing his finger to me or in you, or—The fact is young, and I shall, and all patiently under many more such sermons."

Mr. Benton clearly spoke from a disturbed state of mind. Something in the discourse had struck at the foundation of self-love and self-complacency.

Into one ear, and out of the other. So it is with me, in many like this," answered Mr. Preston's companion, in a cheerful and lighter tone. "If a preacher chooses to be savage; to write from the head, instead of the heart; to send his congregation, unabated, to the nether regions—why, I shrug my shoulders and let it pass. Most likely, on the next Sunday, he will be in better condition for tender considerations, and greatly shut the gate he threw open so widely on the previous occasion. I would never answer, you know, to take those things to heart—never do it. The world always is getting into hot water. Clergymen have their moods, like other people. It doesn't answer to forget this. Good morning, Mr. Benton. Our ways part here."

"Good morning," was replied, and the men separated.

But, try as Mr. Benton would to set his mind into a closely-applied doctrine from Scripture to the sermon, he found it impossible, he was unable to push from his mind certain corrections wrought therein by the new manner in which some positions had been urged and sustained. The ardent spirit of the minister, was that working picture of the judgment to which every man must stand or fall, when the mind is lifted up upon the throne of his glory; and before him shall be gathered all nations: and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats: and he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the righteous into life eternal.

Who, although Mr. Benton had complained of the literal application of this text, that men are not to be classified, for the preacher's waived the idea of a last general judgment, as favored by the Scripture, would, against his will his belief in a spiritual signification as lying behind the letter, and applicable to the inner life of every single individual at the period of departing from the body, and going to the unseen nation, briefly: "But do not misunderstand me as to my views of the nature and substance of judgment to which every soul will have to submit. It will not be limited by the age or down to even his ends of life—to his motives and his quality —and the sentence pronounced for a judgment upon what he is, not upon what he has done, although, taking the purest literal sense, only the latter is possible.

In opening and illustrating his text, he said, further: "Let us look for a moment, acting by our own instructions, to spirit and life—truth, in the literal sense of the letter and scriptural origin, of divine and spiritual things, must we not look, also, to spirit and life—truth and origin in meaning, if we would get to its true significance? Is there any danger of the soul at the well-as of the body? May we not be spiritually athirst, and, amongst these, sick, and in prison? This being so, can we confidently look for the invitation, 'Come, ye blessed of my Father,' if our regard for the neighbor have not reached beyond his bodily life? If we have never considered his spiritual wants and sufferings, and exhibited therein according to our ability? Just in the degree that the soul is more precious than the body, is the degree of our responsibility under this more interior signification of scripture. The more natural acts of feeding the hungry and giving water to the thirsty, of visiting the sick, and those who lie in prison, of clothing the naked and entertaining strangers, will not save us in our last day, if we have neglected the higher duties involved in the divine admonition. Nor will even the supply of spiritual nourishment be accounted to us for righteousness. We must find a higher meaning still in the text. Are we not, each one of us, starving for heavenly food? spiritually exhausted with thirst? naked, sick, in prison? Are we calling, daily, of the bread of life? drinking of the wells of God's truth? putting on the garments of righteousness? finding balm for our sick souls in Gilead? breaking the bonds of evil? turning from strange bails, and coming back to our father's house? If not, I warn you, men and brethren, that you are not in the right way. That, taking the significance of God's Word, which is truth itself, there is no reasonable ground or hope for your salvation."

It was not with Mr. Benton as with his friend. He could not but contemplate what these enter one our and go out at the other. From earliest childhood he had received religious instruction. Parents, teachers, and preachers had all stored in the vessels of memory, filled with the precepts of religion, and now, in manhood, his thoughts were as a mine of wealth, and the states wrought therein in the impossible substance of his mind. Try as he would, he found the effort to push aside early conditions and only impressions a simple impossibility. And, notwithstanding these had been laid on the foundation of a true hope. Literal interpretation of Scripture that the one to which he had just been thinking, had not always accorded with the preacher's clear application of the law, and correspondence, like an angel and the man with a line and trowel the waters which had been at Page.

Mr. Benton was a man of thrift. He had started in life with a capital, and that capital he was steadily stimulating. To the god of this world he offered daily worship, and in its heart really desired no higher good than received attainable through and through. Wealth, in addition, honor among men—these bounds his real aspiration. But prior things in his mind were continually pressing into the first offering his present states. He could not forget that life was a probation, and that vanities were not to be but the things of a day. That as he brought nothing into this world, so could nothing be taken out. That, without a religious life, he must not be for heaven. In order to which he felt the disturbing influence of these prior things, and to be by the foundation of a better life. Mr. Benton became a church member, and, as he did so, he entered more really than ever before into devout worshipper. Thus he made a truce with conscience, and continued to grow rich and to reach, accepted for a period the truce, and left his soul to the mercies of the world.

A man who goes regularly to church, and reads his Bible, cannot fail to have many new and controversies about truths, duties, and the interpretation of Scripture. The inward light of conscience is declared, at will, by the man, as remorseless as if he were an avenging Nemesis. He actually made my shudder.

Thus it was that the application of texts to the living men and women in a congregation is so much in the hand, but inconsistencies and misapplications. What could be a clearer application of the text than that our Lord gave to the disciples in Scripture, about the actual meaning of which there was still a great difference—and, pointing his finger to me or in you, or—The spirit is young, and I shall, and all patiently under many more such sermons."

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To what life eyes is willful blindness and refuse to see in the purer light which had fallen around him. But this effort only brought the mind back to severer conflict, and consciously removed it from a blessed rest. Into a closer field of leading upward to the mountain of peace.

"Strange, is the way and so is it," he said. "No other way shows the value of truth in his soul, and his soul grew calm and blessed. He no longer wrought at the fruitless task of rejecting the higher truths which were disturbing his mind, but let them flow in, and by-turn thereof was kept thirsty. He was never more at peace. It was that his eyes were in a degree opened, so that he could appreciate the profundity meanings of Scripture. The parables were flooded with new light. He understood, as he had never understood before, why the guest, who entered without a wedding garment, was cast out from the feast; and why the door was shut upon the virgins who had no oil in their lamps. He saw clearly wrought these parables as having also a hidden meaning—as intended to convey spiritual instruction under literal words. Somehow, now, they spoke in a language that applied itself to the inner man, and seemed like the words of a marriage garment, woven in the loom of faithful truth, where one and another was found to have never be the King's guest; warned him that he could not appear at the feast in his own understanding, and the oil of love to God and the neighbor in his heart, the door of the Kingdom would be shut against him. Ritual observances and the like, he never really found fault with, except when truly representative of fast warmth in the soul which sometimes found effectless in what is spiritual and divine.

"Now, as I said, I was in better humor," Mr. Benton had been a "way-side" hearer; but, when the seed fell into good ground, it sprang up, and brought the verses which had been at Page.

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## GERTRUDE'S LILIES.

BY ANNE CHAMBERLAIN WHITNEY.

One day, when Gertrude was sitting in her mother's great house, gave the loveliest flowers I ever saw. Stiff white lilies, on tall, green stalks, and died the most delicious perfume.

Gertrude was sitting in the window-seat from the house—where they had been left while the mother, on visiting and the delighted with flowers!" cried they, and they smelt at the lilies, and admired them, and they got right pitch them; but that was forbidden.

"Now, my dears, you must sit on the ground," said Gertrude; "there is room for one on the other side."

But may we take them?" said Heinrich.

"Why, course, of Casper!" glad Gertrude. "I will ask her," and she ran to the door of the parlor, she gave them permission to take the flowers.

"We will carry them home to our mother," said Heinrich, "for we are lovelier than them in thy garden, Gertrude."

So they ran away dispersed.

The mother of the children was standing by the window of her lovely cottage-parlor, when the children rushed laughing up, to show her their lilies—how tenderly she kissed, and caressed, and praised the lovely flowers. "They are beautiful, my dears."

"How pure and white they are!" said the little Heinrich. "They are like the whitest clouds in heaven, and the angels must love them, the Lord to look at these flowers."

"Yes, my child, and in just the same thing," said Heinrich.

But Gertrude had been hurled in the garden, and as it grew cause still plainer. They had been thrown down, and the flowers were all torn over the ground. The children called it a duty of all Christian and were sent to bed in their new trousers. They day little holes in the garden, and put the lilies in the right, and pressed down the mould round them. Then one of the lead of the flowers, and said to Heinrich.

"They stand so straight—safe to grow, and to make beautiful flowers for us two," one, two!"

"The flower-pot is coming," cried Gertrude; "they will be all covered up with the snow."

"Yes, and they will grow, and grow, and grow," answered Heinrich, "and then they will be taller than the children's gardens, and the flowers will be as big as—"

Here they succeeded at a pansy; and the two children, their arms locked round each other, watched the lilies until they bent their father's step.

They succeeded at the humble table; and were rewarded with some fine fruit—a blessing on the food. They had only a thick slice of bread, but they had no cause, they had contented hearts, and were satisfied.

After tea, they were put to bed, but they could double their mother's knee to say their evening hymn.

Jesus, bless thy little lambs
Through the darkness of the night;
Pull us in thy loving arms
Till the morning light appears!
Let no evil harm or frighten us,
Let no sin or sadness come.
Bless our father and our mother,
Bless our home.

When they had repeated these words, they kissed their kind parents, and their loving father laid his hand on each little head, saying: "God bless thee, my children," and so they went to sleep.

On the following morning, they ran into the garden the first thing, to see their dear flowers; but, alas! they were all faded and brown! They could not grow, for they had no roots.

"Oh, my flowers!" cried the little Gertrude. "Look—it is broken to the earth!"

"Mother, dear mother," said her brother, "but do not weep, dear Trudchen; our mother will, perhaps, be kind again to-day, and we can ask the kind old Casper to give us another flower."

But Gertrude was not to be comforted; her little heart was broken with sorrow. She sat down with the poor faded flower in her hand, and her tears fell upon them. Her eyes were red with her little sobs, and she did not see that the flowers near himself and spattered the grass.

"What ails thee, my child?" the good Herr said, gently.

Gertrude raised her head, and seeing how kindly he looked upon her, she sadly told him.

"Oh, gracious Herr, I and Heinrich found these broken flowers lying in the garden. The were all torn, and we placed them with our pinks; but they have faded—our pinks will not grow."

"Poor little one!" said the good Hofmeister, "and you have wept over this, and so sad. Hire Trudchen—perhaps they may yet bloom in the garden again." Then he put his hand upon her and so saying, the Hofmeister went his way; and the children, relieved from their weight, ran joyously to seek Heinrich, burying the faded flowers in the ground.

But when the little stars peeped out one by one, and the children were ready for bed, the Hofmeister sent old Casper to the hut, bidding him to the house, which overlooked by the nurse and bewitched Ilse. The good old man came with a basket full of roots, and placed it by the door to the world. It was as though the Herr had heard their prayer, for the roots were burst in the spring time; even as the good Hofmeister had said, they grew and grew, and grew in the fields of heaven.

And the flower remained from the shrivelled trees every vestige of leafage, and struck down into the earth, and blossomed in the Hofmeister's garden. There was no longer even a green blade of grass to be seen; and now came the snow, and covered the roots with a warm blanket.

The children could no longer play out of doors, but remained within, by the warm stove, and if they wished to look on the world outside, they peeped through the window, and saw the little pure-babes on the pane! When evening came, and the father returned from his work, how he would take them on his knees, and join with them in their childish sports! He was one of the Christ-child, and the blessed Saints who dwell on earth in found, there.

Time passed; the snow disappeared from the earth, and the children went forth to play. Spring it was spring; glorious happy spring!

Then it was that the flowers started in the month, now shot forth long stalks and slender leaves, and then—oh, how beautiful they were! and now, when Heinrich and Gertrude ran to their garden, they found their flowers blooming there.

"Oh, my dear Lord has sent them," murmured Gertrude, as she fell upon her knees, as the children gazed, their eyes filled with tears, and they thanked God for his goodness.

As the mother sat at work, one of her neighbors entered with a sorrowful face. "Alas!" she cried, "my husband is dead, and I am left a widow!"

"Poor woman!" said the mother, "I am sorry for you, and will pray that he will grant you comfort." And she called the children to her, and she charged the little Gertrude, who was the eldest, to take the news to the poor widow, and thought, with a thrill of pain, what her own feelings would have been had she lost her father.

The child had listened with tearful eyes to the sad news, and when the neighbor had gone, as her mother's clasp relaxed, she still softly held her hand, and presently, with a strange, pitying mood looking sadly towards the distant walls of the old Hofmeister's garden.

Gertrude knew that she should never see the Herr in this world; and she thought with a shudder of the sad, cold grave, and of the poor widow's grief.

On a little table beside her lay an exquisite bunch of flowers, and, remembering the lovely blossoms, placed there by kind hands to decorate the room, the child's heart was touched.

The poor mother had taken up one flower and looked at it, when Gertrude ran to her, placed them on the breast of the little Ilse, and said, in a low, trembling voice, that seemed to her own—not thing enough to repose the poor widow.

As she sat thus, the door was slowly and gently opened, and the Hofmeister himself entered. The mother started up, and bustled towards her guest. "Herr," she said, "what can I do for you? Did you come to look once more on her dear face?"

"I have brought Ilse my flowers," said Gertrude, softly; "may I put a bunch by her, dear Mother?"

A sudden flood of tears welled to the eyes of the mother, and clasping the little Gertrude to her breast, she murmured, "God bless thee, my child!"

Pressing a tender kiss on her cheek, she motioned to the Hofmeister to come to the bed—a sitting column of the frail and tender blossoms, and Gertrude placed them at the bosom in perfect beauty in the Life Everlasting!

## AGE OF ANIMALS.

The age of animals is various: a dog lives twenty; a fox fourteen or sixteen; lions are found—Pompey the great's, and it is also recorded of others, that they have lived to the age of seventy years; a squirrel or hare, seven or eight years; rabbits, seven; elephants have been known to live to the great age of four hundred years. When Alexander the Great had conquered Porus, the king of India, he took a great elephant, which had fought valiantly for his master, and named him Ajax, dedicated him to the sun, and let him go, with this inscription: Alexander, son of Jupiter, hath dedicated Ajax to the sun." This elephant lived many years after, and was three hundred and fifty years afterwards. Pigs have been known to live to the age of forty years, the rhinoceros to twenty. A horse has been known to live to the age of sixty-two, but averages not more than twenty. Camels sometimes live to the age of one hundred. Stags are long-lived, sheep rarely exceed the age of ten. Cows live about fifteen years. Cavies considers it probable that this sometimes live to one hundred years. Tortoises are long-lived. A tortoise has been known to live six hundred and seven years.

## WIT AND WISDOM.

TRUTH IS AN ANCHOR—AND CONSCIENCE ONE YOU CANNOT SEE AND A COMPASS.

Rash indeed will be the reputed poets of any age, and what great, but it is not a being which is a union which they would dissolve.

PERSECUTION, a very ugly word, and one that men would think carefully before they let their feet tread on it.

One by one the objects of our affection depart, but our affections remain, stretching forth, like vines, their tendrils, to wind around others.

We have always a suspicion of innocence seeking to hide. The full shall assist, little, observing by that hid, to how much a soldier.

The secret of getting things to make people stare: not wonder say what will bring them from staring out wondering bewilder, this is philosophy.

It is not strange that the monarch is haughty; for the life of the people's power reaches at his feet, and the sight of praise bids the obedient by his throne.

The poet's art is the expression of his power compared with that made for us by the enduring arms of the sea.

Man no honest man practices on himself an imposition, and never suffered, if persons or others, not to a different way, to send him to the state-prison.

Advice bestowed on your will do much money as you can; be second husband, your fellow, may be the first wife to your husband.

As the human head is almost twelve inches long, when the distance between the eyes and the ears is but a half an inch, and the ears are placed exactly in the middle of the head, it is evident that we hear sideways.

A man and a beldroom, the latter of two persons, is a room in which two persons sleep.

It may be hard to say which is the worse, too much family government or too little; we prefer the latter.

To get rid of all society, an unsocial man should become a hermit, and live in the wilderness of Arabia.

It is to be feared that even the "household words," to some feelings, are not very pleasant to ears of others.

There are certain eyes, which, seeing objects through them, can turn into rank or wormwood.

A society discretion is not so much inhibited by severe restraints as by the want of temptation.

Our age is bad for the fear, but good for the hope; it is not so much worse than its fathers.

It is difficult to know at what moment love begins; it is very easy to know when it is there.

The gas-man can make gaslight in your house, but he can't make sunlight.

The man who spends his money for tobacco, when his family are in want of bread, is a brute.

Every taller should find like a certain doctor of the law, who was a little man of stature.

The young ladies who lead their lovers on by tears of sensibility, are sometimes led on by them.

The prosperous man, who yields himself up to pleasure, is like the fool who sits down to sleep in the middle of the road.

It is a man has a full head and an empty pocket, the stomach generally has to go with the rocket.

It is a good thing to be rich, and a good thing to be poor.

Answers to Correspondents, Literary Notices, Chilcren's Column, &c., on Page 14.

## CURRENT ITEMS.

An assembly of people were attempting to sing "Old Hundred" to the old Hundredth, one day recently, the short being thought of by the leader. The first line was sung through, and then the leader tried giving a sudden dash forward, the end of one of the lines, but the people were not to be caught, and began her somewhat late the end and stuck. She was placed in a very awkward position, and remembered by the people who were fortunately with her; and the crowd joined in the singing of the remainder of the hymn, and the choir, instead of being silenced, sang some hymns, one many a child, but perhaps not one of them will ever forget the occasion.

A number of children were playing in Arcadia, Mich., when a thousand dollar bill was found which he was dropping the fire in the center, and subsequently found that it was a genuine bill. The children had found the bill in the street, and the act of setting a fire to it was prevented by the timely discovery of the bill by the parents of the children.

A couple of women, living in a garret in Monroe street, in a fit of intoxication got into a quarrel about the possession of a pail of water, and poured hot water on each other from pans over the fire, until one was scalded to death and the other severely burned. One of her assignees, who at present writing is confined to the hospital, and the other is in the city prison, where she is awaiting her trial for murder.

A man who lives on a second girl in a dwelling in Westchester County, attempted to fill a fruit can with boiling water, and in doing so spilled the water on the floor, which scalded the child to death. The mother, on discovering the fearful result of her carelessness, threw the child into the fire, and was only prevented from burning it to death by the timely arrival of a neighbor, who rescued the child, and was severely burned in the attempt. The mother was arrested, and is now in prison awaiting her trial.

A correspondent writes from the Shetland Islands that the sheep there are of a very small breed, and that the wool is of the finest quality. The sheep are sheared in June, and the wool is then sent to Lerwick, where it is sold to the merchants, who export it to Leith, Aberdeen, and London. The wool is then manufactured into the well-known Shetland shawls, which are so much admired for their softness and delicacy of texture. The sheep are also remarkable for the quality of their mutton, which is said to be unsurpassed in flavor.

A correspondent writes from Cincinnati that the Rev. Dr. Bellows, of New York, has been lecturing there on "Public Amusements," and that he has given great offense to the theatrical people by his remarks. He is reported to have said that the theatre is the only place of amusement in which the people are not allowed to smoke, drink, and play cards. He also said that the theatre is the only place where the people are not allowed to sleep. He is also reported to have said that the theatre is the only place where the people are not allowed to eat. He is also reported to have said that the theatre is the only place where the people are not allowed to talk. He is also reported to have said that the theatre is the only place where the people are not allowed to read. He is also reported to have said that the theatre is the only place where the people are not allowed to write. He is also reported to have said that the theatre is the only place where the people are not allowed to think. He is also reported to have said that the theatre is the only place where the people are not allowed to live. He is also reported to have said that the theatre is the only place where the people are not allowed to die. He is also reported to have said that the theatre is the only place where the people are not allowed to be born. He is also reported to have said that the theatre is the only place where the people are not allowed to be married. He is also reported to have said that the theatre is the only place where the people are not allowed to be buried. He is also reported to have said that the theatre is the only place where the people are not allowed to be resurrected. He is also reported to have said that the theatre is the only place where the people are not allowed to be judged. He is also reported to have said that the theatre is the only place where the people are not allowed to be saved. He is also reported to have said that the theatre is the only place where the people are not allowed to be damned. He is also reported to have said that the theatre is the only place where the people are not allowed to be forgiven. He is also reported to have said that the theatre is the only place where the people are not allowed to be redeemed. He is also reported to have said that the theatre is the only place where the people are not allowed to be glorified. He is also reported to have said that the theatre is the only place where the people are not allowed to be exalted. He is also reported to have said that the theatre is the only place where the people are not allowed to be worshipped. He is also reported to have said that the theatre is the only place where the people are not allowed to be adored. He is also reported to have said that the theatre is the only place where the people are not allowed to be loved. He is also reported to have said that the theatre is the only place where the people are not allowed to be hated. He is also reported to have said that the theatre is the only place where the people are not allowed to be pitied. He is also reported to have said that the theatre is the only place where the people are not allowed to be despised. He is also reported to have said that the theatre is the only place where the people are not allowed to be ridiculed. He is also reported to have said that the theatre is the only place where the people are not allowed to be laughed at. He is also reported to have said that the theatre is the only place where the people are not allowed to be cried over. He is also reported to have said that the theatre is the only place where the people are not allowed to be mourned. He is also reported to have said that the theatre is the only place where the people are not allowed to be lamented. He is also reported to have said that the theatre is the only place where the people are not allowed to be wept. He is also reported to have said that the theatre is the only place where the people are not allowed to be sighed. He is also reported to have said that the theatre is the only place where the people are not allowed to be groaned. He is also reported to have said that the theatre is the only place where the people are not allowed to be moaned. He is also reported to have said that the theatre is the only place where the people are not allowed to be howled. He is also reported to have said that the theatre is the only place where the people are not allowed to be yelled. He is also reported to have said that the theatre is the only place where the people are not allowed to be shouted. He is also reported to have said that the theatre is the only place where the people are not allowed to be whispered. He is also reported to have said that the theatre is the only place where the people are not allowed to be heard. He is also reported to have said that the theatre is the only place where the people are not allowed to be seen. He is also reported to have said that the theatre is the only place where the people are not allowed to be found. He is also reported to have said that the theatre is the only place where the people are not allowed to be lost. He is also reported to have said that the theatre is the only place where the people are not allowed to be missed. He is also reported to have said that the theatre is the only place where the people are not allowed to be remembered. He is also reported to have said that the theatre is the only place where the people are not allowed to be forgotten

NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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## EDWIN M. STANTON.

BY HORACE GREELEY.

When, during the dark days that ushered in the eventful year 1861, the cabinet of Mr. Buchanan was dissolved by the sorrowfully indignant refusal of the venerable Gen. Cass to remain longer identified, though but in appearance, with a policy which was dragging the Nation swiftly down to ruin—when it had become apparent, even to the President, that men like Floyd, and Cobb, and Jacob Thompson, could not be retained at the head of departments without involving himself in their flagrant treason—among those called to impede, if they could not arrest or redeem, the National dissolution, was EDWIN M. STANTON, a native of Ohio, but more recently a citizen of Pittsburgh, Pa. He had previously been known beyond his circle of private friends mainly as a lawyer of decided ability and energy, having been engaged in most important cases in Ohio, in Pennsylvania, in California, and before the Supreme Court at Washington. In his first political *role*—that of Attorney-General of the United States—Mr. Stanton evinced qualities of which the lack of purpose, of decision, and of force, in his chief, forbade the realization of the best fruits by the country. Not to confront and crush out treason in its incipient stages, but to temporize, to dally, to tide over the brief and fleeting residue of his term without collision or bloodshed, was Mr. Buchanan's absorbing desire, and his reformed cabinet was fettered by his abject timidity and his inflexible resolve. An opinion put forth by Judge Black, before quitting the Attorney-Generalship for the State Department—an opinion which virtually ejected the Federal Government from the soil of any factious State whenever she had chosen to expel all that Government's officers—practically exiled the National authority from *every* disloyal State, or allowed it to remain only as tenant at will. Without a recantation of this monstrous heresy, the needed assertion of the rightful authority of the Union was [illegible]

At length, the brief but slow-moving period of shameful truckling to treason wore out, and Mr. Stanton gladly discarded the robes of office and returned to the labors of his profession.

Retirement from office did not, however, diminish his interest in nor limit his attention to public affairs. He wrote repeatedly and vigorously for leading journals, to arouse the Nation and animate its true sons for the momentous struggle before them. He urged the necessity of stern rigor and promptitude in dealing with the emissaries of treason in the loyal States, but especially with those faithless or cowardly officers who ate the bread and wore the uniform of their country the better to betray and stab her. By letters and personal appeals, he did his utmost to prepare and strengthen the People for the stern ordeal to which they were so suddenly exposed. To meet the enemies of the Union foot to foot and point to point—to ignore all temporizing, all compromises, all concessions—to seek the Rebels wherever they may be found, to fight them and to beat them, postponing all thought of negotiation or adjustment until the last Confederate flag had been pulled down and given up—such was and is the mode of dealing with this atrocious rebellion which commended itself to the judgment and the heart of Edwin M. Stanton.

Early in January of the present year, Gen. Cameron retired from the War Department, and Mr. Stanton was at once most wisely and happily selected to succeed him. Never having sought the honors or emoluments of office, he did not hesitate to assume its heavy responsibilities. The facts that he was thus chosen for what is now the most important post under the Government by a President with whom he had never concurred in politics, and confirmed with enthusiastic unanimity by a Senate also strongly adverse to him in the party strifes of the past, attest the obvious and emphatic fitness of the choice.

This Republic never saw a darker hour—not even during the days of abasement and despair which followed the shameful rout and flight of Bull Run—than that which preceded the sudden and unexpected call of Mr. Stanton to the head of the War Department. It seemed as if some malignant spell had paralyzed the energies and frozen the blood of our armies. The insane recall and demoralizing retreat of the force which, in December, was on the point of penetrating East Tennessee through the Cumberland Gap—the renewed activity of the Rebels in Central Missouri, and the audacity manifested by them in breaking up the North Missouri Railroad—the delays after delays which befell the Burnside Expedition—the arrest of the Port Royal force, without having interrupted the Rebels' line of railway communication on the seaboard—the inertia of the Butler advance, under Phelps, at Ship Island—the death-like quiet which pervaded the Department of the Potomac, broken only by the enemy's annoying and morally damaging demonstration toward the West, under Jackson—the emptiness of the Treasury, and the enormity of the National expenditures, coupled with the diminution of the Revenue and the collapse of the Public Credit—all seemed to presage a disgraceful peace and a ruined country.

Mr. Stanton assumed the conduct of the War Department, and inertia, inefficiency, and despondency, were promptly supplanted by energy, activity, and victory. Mill Spring, Roanoke Island, Fort Henry, Fort Donelson, the chasing of Price from Springfield, and out of Missouri, and his defeat and more precipitate flight in Arkansas—the advance of Burnside's forces into North Carolina—the steady progress of Sherman toward the capture of Savannah—on all sides movement, triumph, and sanguine hope, where a few weeks since was nought but immobility, dejection, atrophy—bespoke the unwonted touch of a master hand. Of course, no one will give the whole credit of this change to Mr. Stanton, much less presume that he impelled or directed all the movements that have so suddenly raised the nation from gloom to glory. But of all men he has contributed most to produce the beneficent transformation at which the loyal millions are hardly less amazed than delighted.

For he, of all men connected with the Government, possesses that magnetic quality which at a word translates mere men into heroes, by awaking within them an absorbing and overmastering love of country and of true fame. His proclamations, his letters, his orders even, have that heroic ring to which the modern world first listened in the earlier bulletins of Napoleon. His burning words presume the existence of the loftiest patriotism, the sublimest spirit of self-sacrifice, in every heart he addresses; and they either find it there or create it. His are the trumpet-notes which arouse men to scorn death and think only of country and of victory.

But the soul of our new Secretary glows not alone with the fire of patriotism—his utterances betray a sentiment of stern indignation against the authors of this mad, guilty rebellion, which has hitherto seemed wanting in the manifestoes emanating from our government. Even our good President, with his unbounded and all-embracing kindness of heart, has been accustomed to descant on the Rebellion as though it was impelled rather by perverseness of logic than badness of heart. He speaks as though he did not fully realize that the Divine wrath is the complement as well as shadow of the Divine love, and that the same spirit which wept at the grave of Lazarus and would gladly have averted the impending doom of Jerusalem, was manifested in the scourging of the money-changers and the indignant fulmination, "Ye serpents! ye generation of vipers! how *can* ye escape the damnation of hell!" With this truth the Secretary of War is evidently and instinctively familiar; hence the detestation of the Rebel chiefs which rather shines through his documents than is sought to be expressed therein.

Such is the man providentially called to direct the combinations and inspire the efforts of our armies in the short and desperate struggle now to be made for the complete restoration of our Union and the signal discomfiture of the traitors who have dared to plot its destruction. What the future may have in store for him, let no one attempt to fathom; enough that the Hour and the Man seem for once in auspicious conjunction. Whatever else may be unveiled by the flight of Time, be sure that our country's future historian will speak of Mr. Stanton in terms substantially like those which Lowell puts into the mouth of Kossuth:

> "I was the chosen trump wherethrough
> Our God sent forth awakening breath:
> Came chains? Came death? The strain He blew
> Sounds on, outliving chains and death."

*New York*, Feb. 26, 1862.

## ORIGINAL LETTERS

### Of the Archduke Charles of Austria and of the Duke of Wellington.

BOSTON, 22 *Feb.*, 1862.

MY DEAR MR. BONNER:—It has occurred to me to-day—the anniversary of the birthday of our venerated Washington—that your readers would be gratified to see the estimate formed of him, by two of the most distinguished personages of the last generation in Europe, the Archduke Charles of Austria, brother of the Emperor Francis, and the Duke of Wellington. I accordingly send you for publication a letter addressed by the Archduke, through his aid-de-camp, General Count Grunne, to the late Mr. Jenifer, at that time our minister at Vienna, and a letter from the Duke of Wellington addressed to myself.

The Archduke, having attended a ball given by Mr. Jenifer on the 22d of February, in 1843, and on that and other occasions having expressed the highest opinion of Washington's merit, Mr. Jenifer sent him a volume containing his biography, for which the following acknowledgment was returned by the Archduke—no incompetent judge even of such a character. Sixty years ago the Archduke divided with Napoleon I. the admiration of the world as a consummate chieftain. Alison says of him, "Inferior to Napoleon in genius, to Suwarroff in daring, he was superior to either in cautious combination, scientific foresight, and the power of repairing disaster." Napoleon himself said, "Prince Charles is a man whose conduct will ever be irreproachable. His soul belongs to the heroic age, but his heart to the age of gold. More than all, he is a good man, and that includes everything when said of a Prince."* The Archduke's strategical writings are well known as of the highest authority in the art of war. His letter is as follows:

*Translation.*

"The General Count de Grunne is directed by Monseigneur the Archduke Charles, to communicate the especial gratitude of His Imperial Highness to Mr. Jenifer, for sending him the biography of General Washington. His name recalls events so memorable and connects itself so essentially with the enfranchisement of his country, of which he was the founder, the hero, and the support, that the history of his Times will go down to posterity enlightened with the splendor of his military and civic virtues."

"VIENNA, 14 *April*, 1843."

The venerable Archduke was at this time seventy-two years old.

It is well known that when General Washington, at the commencement of the Revolution, accepted the appointment of commander-in-chief, he declined all compensation as such, stipulating only for the payment of his expenses. Of these expenses he kept a minute account in his own handwriting, on sixty-six folio pages of foolscap paper. This remarkable manuscript is preserved in the Treasury of the United States, and was published some years ago in a lithographic *fac simile*. Some copies of this publication having been sent to me in London, I gave one of them to the late Duke of Wellington, who was then seventy-three years of age, and who, notwithstanding the different circumstances in which they were placed, resembled Washington in more than one trait of character, civil and military. The Duke returned the following letter of acknowledgment:

WALMER CASTLE, *Septr.* 16, 1843.

DEAR SIR:—I have been very much flattered by your obliging note, and gratified by your present; both of which I received this morning.

I have always felt the highest respect for the character of General Washington; and I will peruse these memorials of him with the utmost interest.

I am very grateful to you and I thank you for having thought of me; and that I was worthy of possessing these documents.

Believe me, Dear Sir, ever your most faithful and obedient humble servant. WELLINGTON.

I sincerely congratulate you upon the termination of Lord Ashburton's mission of which I heard this morning.

The letter written by direction of the Archduke Charles to Mr. Jenifer was sent to me by that gentleman from Vienna. I presume it has never before been published. The letter of the Duke of Wellington has never appeared in print before.

May the next return of the anniversary of his birthday see the authority of that Union which it was the great object of Washington's life to establish and consolidate, happily restored throughout our beloved country!

Very truly yours, EDWARD EVERETT.

* Alison's History. Vol. V., p. 168.

## THE CAPITULATION OF PARIS.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

The great conflict which has ever agitated this world, and which is now shaking both Europe and America with earthquake throes, is the conflict between aristocratic usurpation and popular equality. It was this question which gave rise to the French revolution and the wars of the Empire. The rich and nobly born deemed it impertinence in the poor and of lowly birth that they should attempt to rise to any stations of influence.

"If the peasant," says the North British Review, "the grocer or the tailor, can scrape together a little money, his son receives his training in the same seminary as the son of the proprietor, whose land he cultivates, whose sugar and coffee he supplies, and whose coat he makes. The boy who ought to be a laborer or a petty tradesman, sits on the same bench and learns the same lesson as the boy who is destined for the bar, the tribune, or the civil service of the State. This system arises out of the passion for equality, and fosters it in turn. The grocer's son cannot see why he should not become an advocate, a journalist, a statesman, as well as the wealthier and noble born lad, who was so often below him in the class, whom he occasionally thrashed, and often helped over the thorny places of his daily task."

In defence of these execrable principles of aristocratic privilege, the allied armies, now amounting to nearly a million of men, pursued Napoleon from the disaster at Leipsic into France. "Napoleon," says Col. Napier, "rising even above himself, hurtled against the armed myriads opposed to him with such a terrible energy, that though ten times his number, they were rolled back on every side with confusion and dismay."

About the middle of January, 1814, the allied army, in several divisions, crossed the Rhine. On the 25th Napoleon left the Tuileries, and took command of his little army, mostly of raw recruits, to repel the invaders. The allies proclaimed that every French peasant, taken with arms in his hands, should be shot as a brigand, and that every village or town making any resistance should be burned. Napoleon rode rapidly one hundred miles east of Paris to St. Dizier, and here, at the head of a few thousand troops, fell upon one of the advancing columns of the foe, led by Blucher. He routed them, and scattered them like leaves by the whirlwind. Then instantly turning, he marched fifty miles south to Troyes, through mud and rain and snow, the wheels often sinking to the hubs. On the 29th, with but 20,000 men, he came suddenly upon 60,000 Russians, near Brienne. "Before the sun went down, 10,000 of those Russians were dead upon the plain, and the remnant were in precipitate retreat."

The next day the fugitives effected a junction with another division of their army and, with battalions 150,000 strong, returned to crush Napoleon. The Emperor had also gathered reinforcements, and had 40,000 men to meet their assault. Through another day of tumult and blood the terrible battle raged, till again the wintry night darkened the scene. Overpowered with numbers, Napoleon was compelled to retreat, leaving 6,000 of his little band dying and dead on the ground. Alexander of Russia and Frederic William of Prussia, from a neighboring height, [illegible] of their troops. The exultant allies now crowded from all directions upon Paris.

Napoleon retreated sixty miles down the Seine to Nogent. Two hundred thousand Austrians pursued him. Blucher, with 70,000 men, was descending the Marne, fifty miles distant from the Seine. Wellington, with an immense army, was coming up from the South. Bernadotte, with uncounted legions, was advancing from the North. Napoleon, leaving 10,000 men to retard the advance of 200,000, by a forced march through mud to the axles of his carriages, with 30,000 men crossed to the Marne, fell as unexpectedly as a thunderbolt upon the flank of Blucher, and scattered his army as wolves drive sheep. The next day Blucher, with reserves swelling his host to 60,000, advanced to meet Napoleon. Again he was defeated, and driven back with enormous slaughter. In an extraordinary march of thirty-six hours, Napoleon hurried back to the Seine. The Austrians, 300,000 in number, were now in the vicinity of Fontainbleau. Napoleon with 40,000 advanced to meet them. For a whole day he resisted all their efforts, with his own hands aiding the artillerymen in their herculean toils. When night came, this whole allied army was on the retreat, and Napoleon was vigorously pursuing them. With Alexander and Frederic in the midst of the fugitives, they fled back one hundred and sixty miles to Chaumont. It was in the midst of these terrific scenes that Napoleon held a brief interview with Josephine, and said to her:

"Josephine, I have been as fortunate as was ever man upon the face of this earth. But in this hour, when a storm is gathering over my head, I have not, in this wide world, any one but you upon whom I can repose."

The Allies were astounded by these defeats. But they had enormous reserves, amounting to a million of men, to bring up. With vast reinforcements they divided their army into two bands, one to descend the Marne and the other the Seine. The former river enters the latter but a few miles from Paris. Again Napoleon crossed to the Marne, and with 30,000 troops drove 100,000 Austrians before him. In the midst of their rout Bernadotte appeared with 25,000 fresh men, to join the Austrians, and Napoleon was compelled to retire, the enemy not daring to pursue him in his despair.

The 200,000 Austrians, now upon the Seine, pressed forward with alacrity, while Wellington, with a vast force of English, Portuguese and Spaniards, was advancing from Bordeaux. Another army of the Allies had also crossed the Alps from Switzerland, and had reached Lyons. With amazing celerity Napoleon crossed again from the Marne to the Seine, and fell upon the Austrians with such fury that they turned and fled.

Napoleon was now about 200 miles from Paris, on the Seine. The Allies had gathered an army of 300,000 at Chalons, on the Marne, a hundred miles nearer Paris, and were marching with the utmost rapidity to reach the city before Napoleon could get there. In one day, through the miry roads, Napoleon's heroic band marched nearly fifty miles, in the endeavor to reach the city before the enemy. At midnight, with the advance guard of his army, he reached Troyes. It was a cold, dark, dismal night. He could see, far away across the country, the whole horizon illumined with the bivouac fires of his foes. With a small detachment he galloped along the road and entered the little village of La Cour. The church clock was just tolling twelve. To his surprise he saw groups of disbanded soldiers marching away *from* Paris. He rode into the midst of them, exclaiming, "How is this? Why are not these soldiers marching to Paris?"

Gen. Belliard, a friend of the emperor, recognized his voice, and coming forward, said: "Paris has capitulated. The enemy enters to-morrow, two hours after sunrise."

The emperor seemed stunned by the blow. For a moment not a word was uttered. Cold drops of agony oozed from his brow. With staggering step he walked backward and forward on the rugged pavement, bewildered with the enormity of his woe. It was a night of agony such as is rarely experienced on earth. With his few faithful troops he repaired to Fontainbleau, and thence to his exile in Elba.

## A SHORT COMMENT ON A FAMILIAR TEXT.

Prince Hamlet was of royal heart, as well as lineage. He shows his native princeliness when he tells the worldly-wise Polonius how to dispose of the poor players who had come to the king's castle to play before the court. "I will use them after their *desert*," said the ignoble nobleman, meaning by "desert" their rank or social standing, which was that of vagabonds. Hamlet exclaims, "Odd's bodikin, man, much better; use every man after his desert, and who shall escape whipping? *Use them after your own honor and dignity.*"

Would that every man, and every woman, too, who employs other men or women, would act in the spirit of these words!

There are certain classes of employed persons who must always be at the mercy of those who employ them; all, for example, who exercise vocations which require little previous apprenticeship, such as car-conductors, omnibus-drivers, hotel-waiters, and many others. In large cities, there are so many persons, at all times, who can only do what any one can do, that such employments as these are always overcrowded. Consequently, if a waiter, a conductor, or a driver is oppressed, he must either submit in silence, or risk his place, which latter alternative is terrible to a poor man with a family. If he is restive, or resigns his employment, there are twenty men standing near whose necessities render them only too willing to supply the vacancy.

The man, the firm, or the corporation, who employs such persons is subjected to a test which determines with certainty the quality of their manhood. He who takes advantage of their helplessness to extort an undue amount of service, to abridge their just privileges, or to treat them with personal disrespect, is a man of coarse and common clay, unregenerate, unrefined, not to say, mean and base. He is, at best, a crafty and shallow Polonius, not a royal Hamlet. And if such conduct dishonors the name of MAN, it is, if possible, still more unworthy of a powerful firm, or a wealthy corporation. Such, at least, have no shadow of excuse for not treating their employée's after their own honor and dignity.

A city conductor writes to one of our dailies:

"The average number of hours which the conductors and drivers are compelled to work daily is from twelve to sixteen, exposed to all weather and hardships, being allowed no relaxation whatever, day after day, and month after month (Sundays included). The writer is personally acquainted with several whose health is being gradually undermined by this inhuman and slavish treatment, and whose complaint for relief would be summarily answered in no other way than by an immediate discharge. It is true that there are hundreds of applicants in excess of the demand for employées, so very difficult is it to obtain work, and there being so many plausible, unprincipled, and dishonest men who are only desirous to secure a situation where the opportunity for embezzlement is so great."

In every man's lot, in every woman's, in every boy's, and in every girl's, there is, and must be, much that is hard to bear. Yet, we think that this complaint of our useful friends, the conductors and drivers, is just, and one that admits of a remedy, and ought to have a remedy. Everyone who rides in omnibuses and cars must be aware, that no class of public servants are more faithful, obliging and polite than our conductors and drivers. If the great corporations who employ them are insensible to their "desert," let them, at least, use them after "their own honor and dignity."

## AN OFFER.

Tom Jones would like to be married. Tom does not quite relish the idea of a connubial idiot; and yet, for many reasons unnecessary to state, he does not desire a wife who knows much. He would like one who will be always on tiptoe to await his coming, and yet be perfectly satisfied, and good-humored, if after all her preparations, culinary and otherwise, he may conclude at all times, or at any time, to prefer other society to hers. He also desires his wife to be possessed of principle enough for both, because in his own case, principle would interfere with many of his little arrangements. He would like her always to be very nicely dressed, although his own boots and coats are innocent of a brush from year's end to year's end. He wishes her to speak low, and not speak much; because he has a great deal to say himself, and when he has roared it out, like the liberal, great Dr. Johnson, "he wishes the subject ended!" Tom wishes his wife possessed of military instincts, so that she may discipline her household; after that is done, he wishes to turn the key on these military instincts, lest they might be of use in some emergency necessary to her personal happiness. Tom wants a wife who loves, more than she reasons, because he intends himself to pursue quite a contrary policy. Tom would like a wife who adjusts everything with a smile; although he may use his boots for other purposes than that of locomotion. She must have a pretty face, an easy temper, and an intellect the size of which would allow him to consider his own colossal. Any young lady very weak in the head, and strong in the nerves, and quite destitute of any disgusting little selfishnesses, may consider herself eligible, provided she has money; none others need apply. FANNY FERN.

BONNER FOREVER!—EMPERORS WRITE FOR HIM!—The LEDGER publishes the text of a letter of the Emperor Napoleon III. to Edward Everett, dated the 24th of November, 1861, thanking him for the speech he made at the dinner to Prince Napoleon; for the just homage he rendered to the genius of the illustrious Napoleon I., &c. * * * * What other paper can print a private autographic letter from an Emperor to one of its paid correspondents?—*Hartford Daily Courant.*

We are glad to see that everybody seems pleased with the letter of Napoleon III., which we have already published. No other public man in Europe has so popular a style as the Emperor of the French. We have been so much impressed by it that we are half inclined to engage him as a regular contributor. His name would not appear out of place added to those already on our list, such as Edward Everett, George Bancroft, Charles Dickens, Henry Ward Beecher, James Gordon Bennett, Horace Greeley, Henry J. Raymond, Rev. John S. C. Abbott, N. P. Willis, Geo. P. Morris, John G. Saxe, Geo. D. Prentice, Sylvanus Cobb, jr., Emerson Bennett, William Cullen Bryant, Wm. Ross Wallace; and we presume the Empress Eugenie will not feel jealous if we add Fanny Fern, Alice Cary, Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Southworth and Miss Dupuy.

—Snob Bigelow writes as follows from Paris to the *Evening Post:*

"I had the pleasure, in common with several American ladies and gentlemen, of skating in company with the Emperor, the Empress, the Count and Countess de Morny and several others of the French aristocracy, who all mingled freely in the crowd."

This reminds us of the boy who boasted that the king had spoken to him. When asked what he said, he replied, "He told me to get out of the way."

## ORNAMENTAL WOMEN.

The Italians have an ungallant proverb signifying that "the smiles of a pretty woman are the tears of her husband's purse." Far be it from the LEDGER to subscribe to this sweeping imputation on wedded loveliness. Yet it must be conceded that your *merely* ornamental women are expensive luxuries—luxuries, in fact, that young men who have to make their way in the world by their own exertions, cannot conveniently afford. Their ideas on the subject of dress, jewelry, balls, parties, and the like, are apt to be comprehensive, and their drafts on their husbands' purses extravagant, not to say ruinous. The phrase "beauty and booty" is not without significance in domestic life, whatever it may be in unlicensed warfare.

But the *positive* prodigality of the ornamental wife who appraises her own charms and accomplishments at too high a figure, is not her only fault. The amount she *fails to save* is at least equal to her personal expenditures. She has a soul above the kitchen and the larder, and over the *economy* of her household Waste presides. She dresses faultlessly, but of the dressing of a meal she has no more idea than the fairies and sylphs to which her moustached admirers liken her. While she plays the piano the servants play the—deuse. No doubt her spouse is delighted to meet her on his return from business bewitchingly attired. But a man [illegible] his wife, however plump and fair she may be, and he naturally feels a little chagrined if there is nothing else to tempt his appetite. We have heard, it is true, of fond husbands devouring their wives with kisses, but that was during the honeymoon. As the months roll a Benedick prefers a well-cooked joint to the blandishments of his handsome rib, and good puddings and pies to Cupid's confectionery. Hence it happens that men who are married to wed in crinoline now and then—the wretches!—dine at hotels and restaurants, instead of flying on the wings of love to full-dressed wives [illegible] half-dressed dinners.

Thus wanes connubial bliss when there is nothing save beauty to sustain it; while on the other hand, we have known instances in which wives with gooseberry eyes and yellow hair have secured the undying love of their lords by tickling their palates with delicious viands, and practising due economy in personal and household expenses. Depend upon it, Love, like Jealousy, "grows by what it *feeds on*," and the most husbands dislike

> "That consummation of all human ills
> The inflammation of their weekly bills."

The truth is, that the male members of the human race are not so ethereal as they might be. Their stomachs are too near their hearts—their hearts are influenced by their pockets. Brown may be proud of his handsome *cara sposa*, as she gracefully receives her guests in the drawing-room, but if she doesn't know how his goose should be cooked in the kitchen, their domestic sunshine will sometimes be clouded by the fogs of discontent and sulkiness. Beauty is a perishable commodity. Fashionable accomplishments are liable to become a bore.

## LAND HO!

The Great Delusion is passing away. The smooth-tongued Tempters who have so long abused the Southern ear with their atrocious falsehoods, raising

> ——"distempered, discontented thoughts,
> Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires,"

to the Southern breast, have been pricked out of their disguise, as their Father before them was by the Angelic spear in Eden, and their late dupes begin to see them as they are.

There can be no doubt that a powerful reactionary movement has commenced in some of the Southern states. In Missouri, Kentucky and Tennessee, it appears to be general and enthusiastic, and it will extend Southward with the progress of our armies until the counter-revolution is complete. It must be so.

But the struggle is not over. The Rebellion, though badly scotched, is not yet killed. The haughty, ambitious politicians who began it for their own selfish ends, and who have used the Southern masses as their cat's paws and tools, are still potential in the cotton and sugar states, and as defeat must consign their names to infamy, and may perhaps bring their necks within the compass of a halter, they will unquestionably struggle desperately to the last.

But the overthrow of the Southern leaders is simply a question of time. They cannot escape the fate they deserve. They may be "hoist by their own petard"—upset by the recoil of their own infernal machine; or they may escape, with the Cain-mark on their foreheads to some foreign land, there to drag out their traitor lives in ignominy. Haply the laws of the land they have outraged and driven to ruin, may be vindicated by their punishment. But whether doomed to live as outlaws or to die as traitors, History will crucify the memories of the ringleaders of this foul conspiracy, with those of Arnold and of Catiline.

## WHAT IS BEAUTY.

How fortunate it is that the word "*beauty*" admits of so liberal an interpretation. There would else be no settling the endless contentions for the possession of the same object. To one, "expression" is beauty; most persons will at least scarcely *remain* satisfied without it. Regularity of feature and transparency of complexion pall upon the eye, if deficient in these. Some of the so-called "ugly" persons have been to us the most pleasing. A face not actually deformed, if lighted up by a beautiful soul, becomes a shrine where the *soulful* love to linger. Let no man or woman of whom this is true fancy themselves "ugly," or unloveable; at least, by those whose love and favor are worth counting in life's winnings. FANNY FERN.

IRISH VALOR.—At the battle of Fort Donelson, Corporal Mooney, an Irishman, seeing that the staff of one of the regimental flags was shot away, picked up the Stars and Stripes, and wrapping them round his body, rushed over the parapet of the outworks, amidst a volley of musketry, and crying "Come on, my brave boys," was blown to pieces by a shell at the moment of his triumph.

—"Why don't you dance?" blithely inquired an eminent functionary of a leading Senator at a recent social festivity in Washington.

"I never dance in a besieged city," was the quick and stern reply. [*New York Tribune.*

Why did not the *Tribune* tell the whole story, and state that it was the Hon. Benjamin Wade, of Ohio, who made the above response to President Lincoln's question?

—In our next issue we shall publish a valuable and interesting article by Dr. Windship, on the strong men of history, including Barclay, Eckeberg, McGregor, Topham, Maximin, Samson, and other men renowned for muscle, but who were, in fact, mere babies in strength when compared with the Doctor himself, who plays at marbles with Paixhan cannon balls, and disports himself with barrels of flour and hogsheads of rice.

—Read the first installment of Lieut. Langford's new story, *The Secret Cypher; or, Mystery of a Lifetime*, on our first page.

## GOD OVER ALL.

BY ALICE CARY.

I have considered the lilies,
These plants of heavenly stock—
The glad, the glorious lilies
That airily wave in the valley;
I have leaned my elbow down in the grass
All day, and seen them grow.

And spite the poet's saying
Of beauty drawn from the soil,
I think that airy waving—
Their silence and sweet listening
To each breathed note that came out of the light
That flows from the love of God.

And I have considered the lowers
Rising in every place—
Cared for more than the flowers
Are those strong-holds of corn,
For those are made of the dust and the dew,
And these of the beams of men.

And though the *he* may sadly,
And heathen, lovers fill,
We must not mourn too sadly,
For they are living gladly,
And their bubble days are shining round
About them, each and all.

## ST. REGIS HALL.

### A TALE OF TRYON COUNTY IN 1777.

BY E. HAMILTON MYERS,
AUTHOR OF "RAIL RIDDER," "THE MARLIN BREAST," ETC., ETC.

#### CHAPTER XVII.

Miss Barton had not time to see the friends whom her arrival awoke from the surrounding wilderness, nor to learn the result of their daring charge, before she was dragged away by her captors. Shade and Isom one of the first to discover the attack and to disappear from the scene of strife, being aided, by the confusion caused by Elizabeth's fierce fire away, and to stifle her attempted cries.

But the valiant Rebel had caught sight of the fair prisoner, and had seen the direction in which she vanished, and he had not stopped long enough to cut Rainer's bonds (while Huntington rendered a similar service to Hans) before bounding off in pursuit.

The young lieutenant, although watching the course which his companions had taken, it may be remembered, was prevented from instantly following by the necessity of giving some instructions to the rescued men, and of stripping the remainder of the scattered party who came up only after the departure of both himself and the obstreperous surgeon.

Courageous even to rashness, Obed would not have hesitated to charge singly upon Shade and his savage ally, and perhaps he would even have preferred to do so, rather than have the aid of the handsome young Englishman in effecting Elizabeth's deliverance. But quick as had been his movements, he found himself quite at a loss, on leaving the boundary of the light from the now crackling fires, to obtain any further clue to the course of the Tory. The savages were flying in various directions, but there was nothing in the noises by which he could distinguish the party which had seized upon and overtaken.

Deserted at random, he followed what seemed to be the nearest of the fugitives, calling loudly to Miss Barton not to be alarmed, for he was near and he was quickly far in advance both of his more experienced companions and the enemy.

Shade, indeed, had become aware that his presence could neither be carried, nor be induced to run, fast enough to insure escape, and he had no sooner attained a place of comparative security than he began to gasp, and impeding a command which he had received to remain behind patient death, he waited for his enemies to come on.

The savage, (if that name may properly be used to distinguish the Mohawk from his white or half-white descendant) urged a saving way of preventing either the escape of their captive, or her rescue by their hiding place, and with many traits, he concealed the only which permission of his leader to accomplish his purpose.

"Ho, ho," was the quick reply; "not if she keep still; if she speak you may do what you will. It's her own fault if she is killed."

Appalled by this awful menace in word and gesture, Miss Barton heard the well-known voice of Rebel as he, mistaken in the path of her, without daring to answer his appeal or to make his slightest noise within sight to continued into a signal. She had heard the pursuer's footsteps which had seemed close to the harsh, and she well knew that he would avail himself of the slightest pretext to gratify his thirst for blood, and gain one coveted trophy for his discomfited party.

Despairingly she heard the voice and steps of Rebel grow fainter in the distance, until she was certain that she had no strength of voice which could now reach him, even if she dared to give utterance to a reply.

"He's off the track now," said Shade, "and we'll start an before more of 'em comon along; not that way, though."

They started, diverging a little to the north from the route which Obed had taken, and dragging their captive with them, the Indian still brandishing his drawn knife, ready to silence all remonstrance.

"I don't hurt her more than necessary," said Shade to his demonstrative companion. "She's a pretty thing, and I don't want her all scratched and scarred up. She's scratched bad enough now by the bushes, so that I hardly know her for the beauty I saw at the Major's father day. Let go of her hair, you red wretch!" he continued, using a word of reproach which he was sure the Indian would not understand, but which would serve to convey a sense of injury to the prisoner, "and put up your knife before something happens; there's no need of it just yet."

"I know," replied the Indian, stopping and looking back.

"Cheer up, miss, cheer; here they are!" shouted the same load, ringing voice which had so recently spread a panic through the band. So cheery and confident were the tones, that no one could have doubted they proceeded from the leader of a force fully able to execute the commands so boldly issued.

Huntington, who had followed nearly on the track of the more advanced Rebel, had come within hearing of the concealed party at the moment of their starting on their new course, and had followed them stealthily, until well assured that Miss Barton was in their custody, which he learned only by catching a few words of Shade's murmur, for the darkness left him out of seeing more than the faintest outline of the fugitives.

He could not even tell with certainty how many there were, nor did he dare to discharge a weapon in the obscurity, lest he might injure the prisoner instead of her captors.

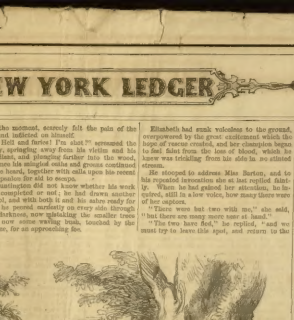
"But relying on the cowardice of the enemy, and assured that his only hope of success was in rashness, he leaped forward, still calling on his imaginary followers, and even replying to himself with changed intonation of voice, until the guilty Shade fully believed that a considerable force was in pursuit.

Elizabeth, being no longer directly threatened, screamed and struggled, and the young officer, guided by the sound, was instantly at her side. At the same moment he felt a knife enter his side, and he saw a figure, which seemed to have sprung from a recumbent position, dart away from him, and disappear too rapidly to admit of sending a bullet in pursuit. It was the Indian; but Shade, who had clung tenaciously to his prize, and who was trying to drag her along, did not see the enemy until he was too close upon him to admit of escaping unharmed.

The pistol which had been vainly pointed after the savage was now turned upon him, and fired, for the lieutenant, to the great excitement of the moment, scarcely felt the pain of the wound inflicted on himself.

"Hell and furies! I'm shot!" screamed the Tory, snatching away from his victim and his assailant, and plunging further into the wood, whence his mingled oaths and groans continued to be heard, together with calls upon his recent companions for aid to escape.

Huntington did not know whether his work was completed or not; he had drawn another pistol, and with both it and his sabre ready for action, he pressed onward on every side through the darkness, now unheeding the smaller trees and, cut some with his blade, touched by the breeze, for an approaching foe.



THE WOUNDED LIEUTENANT AND MISS BARTON.

place where we left your cousin. Can you track it?"

"Oh, yes—yes, I'll there is hope of escape."

The difficulty with which she spoke, even with her companion's aid, and the greater effort with which she at first undertook, in overt position, seemed to negative her hand, but she gained confidence and strength, and having taken her arm of her unknown friend, the two proceeded slowly, and as silently as possible on their way. Huntington still keeping the most vigilant watch for the enemy.

Impressed with the importance of keeping silence, and not caring to speak to him, Miss Barton asked no question of her rescuer, who she did not doubt was one of the settlers, and whose voice she vainly tried to recognize.

Her companion, however, soon learned from her than Elizabeth believed necessary—for hope had given her strength, and, she knew, indeed that, so far from receiving assistance from her friends, she was in danger of falling into their hands—that the young lieutenant was severely wounded, and that, in the flurry of the moment, he had not been aware of the fact.

She tried to find his wound, that she might stop the flow of blood, but in this she was unsuccessful—and then she started, with what intelligence she could communicate, on a run for help, yet turning frequently to mark the spot where the hero had fallen, and to which he assured that she could retrace her way to him. Her steps, indeed, were guided by the sound of the shot he uttered in her longed pulls, and it was the slightest pretext to gratify his thirst for blood, and gain one coveted trophy for his discomfited party.

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"I can see nothing derogatory to a generous, high-minded man in such a ruse. A fellow-being is in danger, does not stop to calculate the most prudent way in which he can save him."

"We are almost there," said Elizabeth, answering. "Heaven grant that we may find him alive."

Two noods's carpet met, Miss. if an Iglan stabbed him. They knew where to strike, and I'd let my foot had his knife for!"

"Don't talk so loud, my friend; there may be some of the Mohawks within sound here."

"Yes, their turn—and, I confess, that's the worst of it," replied the Tory, still retreating a few steps, yet preventing his gun, which was like a log in the wind, and would have endangered one of his companions, if it had been discharged.

Josh struck it down—and the staggering figure of the wounded lieutenant advanced to meet them.

"Where are the others?" asked Josh.

"Dead, I am very glad and thankful to say," replied Rebel, "and I am sorry to add, and am greatly relieved at the assurance of the fact, that Lieutenant Huntington, and he was

shocked, when the officious Pike, who had ridden beside the patient, reported upon his condition with his usual croaking vaticination.

"You'll find him worse, Doctor," he said. "He stood the ride very well for a while, but afore we got here I had to hold him on his horse, and when we lifted him off in the yard he looked like a ghost and couldn't speak above a whisper. I don't think there'll be much occasion for your services, but he may last a few hours. They've got him into his room, and the Major thinks you'd had better come right up and see him; for he's got somethin' else to tend to."

The doctor, who had tarried in the court-yard to listen to some tidings about the approaching foe, hastily obeyed this summons, but remarked, as he went along:

"He's a headstrong boy, and ought to have kept in the litter, as I told him. I can't be responsible for results, when my directions are so manifestly disregarded."

"'Twouldn't have made much difference, I reckon. His days are numbered, and I think some one ought to tell him so, in case he might want to send any messages to his friends. I'd be willing to take that painful duty on myself, if you think proper."

"You shall be quite welcome to the office if it proves necessary, but I hope you mistake his symptoms. The loss of a few pounds of blood, following upon a day of such fatigue as he has had, (for he had been in the saddle all day before he reached the Hall,) is enough to account for his present position, without assuming his wound to be mortal."

"It's enough to make it mortal, I should think."

"Well, perhaps it is; but if there is any power in medicine to save him, he shall not die for want of its application, at least as far as my poor skill goes. He has his mother and friends somewhere, who if they knew his condition would feel just as much for him as Elizabeth's parents and all of us did for her, and after what he has done this day——"

"This is the room, Doctor."

"Oh, yes—very well; but if you are going in, don't look quite so dismal. Many a weak patient has been scared to death by friends with funereal faces around their beds. Smiles and cheerful words are often more efficacious than any medicines, and they are certainly pleasanter to take."

"And cheaper, too," muttered Pike.

### CHAPTER XIX.

Our narrative returns to the fortunes of the luckless Tory, whom it left wounded and alone in the depth of the forest, calling frantically for aid on his Indian ally, who, heedless of the invocation, was making the best of his way back to the camp. Shale was shot in the breast, and his pain and alarm were so great, that he continued to call loudly for aid, hoping to summon some of his scattered friends to his assistance, but willing rather to run the risk of being taken prisoner by a civilized enemy, than to be left to perish alone in the wilderness. All attempts at walking increased his pain and the flow of blood, and he grew desperate with the fear of death, which his guilty conscience assured him he deserved. He called on his recent comrades by name—one by one; he shouted till he was hoarse, for he felt certain that some of them were lurking within sound of his voice.

"Crow! Red Fox! Bison! Aye, Bison, where are you? Your arm is strong! I have gold for you—gold, to buy barrels of rum! You shall have it all—all! you shall. Don't be afraid to come, good Bison! There is no enemy here—I am all alone! Come Bison, you are a great brave. Do not leave me here to die!" [illegible] ness as he exhibits who is determined to hear the response he desires.

But all was silent save the echoes which came back to him in tones of anguish that he did not recognize as his own.

"They mock me!" he said. "The cowardly dogs are already far on their way to the camp; they will not even tell Capt. Butler where and how they have left me. Bison! good Bison! you must—you shall hear me! Bison! I say. I swear to you there is no danger. They are gone—I am all alone!"

A crackling of boughs brought joy to his despairing heart.

"Ah, there you are," he continued. "I knew you would not desert your friend. I have gold and jewels for you; but you must get me back to the camp, where this blood can be stopped. Is it you, Bison?"

"It is the 'Neida Hog!" said the new-comer, tauntingly, as he advanced closer to the wounded man, who was sitting on the ground. "He is not quite burnt yet! Your fire was not hot enough to kill him! Your ropes could not hold him! Your knives have passed through him—but he is here! You have taken away his string of scalps, but he will have more!"

Voiceless with terror, Shale gazed like one fascinated at the dreadful apparition he had summoned. Half an hour before, the Oneida had been bound to the stake, while Shale, the leader of his enemies, looked calmly on as the approver at least, if not the author of his approaching doom. Now the tables were turned.

"He will have more!" repeated Hans, fingering both knife and tomahawk with a hesitation which seemed to proceed from a desire to prolong the sweet feast of revenge.

If the King of Terrors had appeared in bodily form to claim the Tory he could not have felt more certain of his doom than he did at the sight of his late prisoner.

He sank lower, his frame quivered, his teeth chattered, yet he put up deprecating hands, and as soon as he could find voice, begged abjectly for mercy.

"I am already wounded and dying," he said; "I have—have given up the girl—I did not—want to burn you—it was the Big Bison—I tried to save you, good Hans. Do not strike! I have gold—gold that shall be yours."

The Indian looked at his unmanly enemy with an expression of utter contempt, and still handled his weapon menacingly. But he hesitated about dispatching his victim, for Major Barton and his daughter had both, in former days, tried to teach him the wickedness of killing defenseless prisoners, and as he had been that day acting as the especial champion of Elizabeth, her instructions came back to him with peculiar force, and he feared to offend her by disregarding them.

If his captive had been an Indian, he probably would not have hesitated; the fatal blow would have been expected, and it would have been received without protest. But if Hans hesitated, he did not wish the Tory to believe that he did so, and for many minutes he inflicted upon him the tortures of the direst apprehension. He advanced closer to his prisoner with his tomahawk upraised as if for the fatal blow; he danced madly around him, seeming to seek a place to strike, while the Tory's hands were trying to shield his head, and his voice was pouring forth the most voluble and frantic appeals for mercy.

At times Hans would assume to listen to these appeals for awhile, and then, shaking his head negatively, he would again rush upon his victim, repeating his former furious and threatening gesticulations with such violence that the wretched man died a hundred deaths in anticipation, and began almost to wish the horrid tragedy complete.

But when the Oneida had played his novel game of torture out, he informed his prisoner that he would not kill him at present, but that he would take him to St. Regis Hall, where he assured him he would be hung early the next morning, if he did not die of his wounds before that time. Shale was greatly relieved at this announcement, for he well knew that Major Barton would not put him to death, and he even believed that he would receive better medical attention at his hands than in his own camp.

His chief fear now was of the fatal character of his wound, from which he was greatly suffering, and which he knew would be aggravated by such a forced march as he believed Hans would compel him to make.

The Indian indeed did not spare him. He urged him along over their rough pathway at the point of the bayonet, and when the wretched man told him that he was killing him, he replied:

"So better; then you won't be hung. Save rope. Go on."

Hans and his prisoner arrived at the Hall only about an hour later than Major Barton's party, the latter having been compelled to take a longer route in order to reach the point at which their horses had been left.

Their arrival caused no little additional excitement, even where all was commotion before, and the Tory, faint and ghastly, the object of much curious inspection and of not a few bitter invectives, was still greatly relieved at being free from his Indian tormentor.

At first, indeed, his position was not decidedly ameliorated, for Mr. Pike chanced to be among his earliest visitors, and *his* welcome was not of the most hearty kind. He did not allow any "personal considerations" to prevent a free expression of his sentiments towards the prisoner.

"You're the *reptyle*, are you," he said, "that's made all this trouble, and led on these savages to rob, and burn and murder. Let's take a look at yer. You're the man—the dog, I mean—that come spyin' down to the Hall a week ago to learn all its defences, and went and reported everything to Butler, and has brought 'em all down upon us, are you? Let's see you." Pike pushed the prostrate man a little with his foot to make him disclose his face, which was turned partly towards the ground, but only a groan replied to his attacks.

"You carried off Miss Barton, did you—the pride of the Hall—and wanted her for yourself?"

"No, no, no—it was the Mohawks. I tried to save her. I did save her; they would have killed her if it hadn't been for me."

"Yes, yes—we understand about that—we've heard the other side of the story. Tried to save her, indeed! You tried to save Leftenant Huntington, too, I s'pose, when your Injin friend murdered him."

"Is he dead?" asked Shale, eagerly.

"Not quite, but about as good as dead. He's ravin' delirious, and is talkin' to his mother and sisters, he thinks—talkin' about his pleasant home, and their garden and flowers, but the flowers, he says, has blood on their leaves. It's enough to make a savage cry to hear him. I shed tears myself."

"*I* didn't stab him."

"Oh, no, you didn't do nothing. You are as innocent as a babe, *you* are. But I can't waste time on such a critter as you. Probably you've got your *quietus* as well as he, and if not, there's them here that knows how to dispose of a red-handed and black-hearted Tory like you, as soon as we get a little leisure. Hans and the negurs shall be your judge and jury, and executioners, too. So you can sleep on that to-night!"

But Shale's present condition was soon to some extent alleviated. He was not disappointed in his dependance on the humanity of the person whom he had so basely sought to injure, and upon whose compassion, his own wounded and apparently dying condition constituted a claim which no antecedent crimes of the sufferer could abrogate.

Major Barton gave directions that the wretched man should be removed into the house, that a bed should be provided for him in the servants' quarters, and he requested Dr. Rubel to give him such attendance as the exigencies of the hour would permit, a desire which Obed complied with by promptly repairing to the bedside of his new patient, with a formidable array of surgical tools, and with a professional eagerness for work, which caused him to look rather with favor than with animosity upon his late enemy. He was greatly disappointed when he found that there was no chance for an amputation, and that his business was confined to a little useless probing for a bullet, the dressing of the external wound and the administering of quieting medicines, with no other expected result than that of smoothing the sufferer's pathway to the grave.

### CHAPTER XX.

Captain Price, who had been left in command of the forces at the Hall, had proved a faithful and vigilant officer, and had left nothing undone which lay in his power, to fortify his position, and to increase the chances of a successful defence against the expected attack. Nothing, however, had been attempted in the way of entrenchments or other external defences. The main position of the edifice was of stone, and was in every respect strongly and securely built; but there was unfortunately a wooden addition in the rear which might become exposed to incendiary attacks, and which required a special defence. The outhouses were quite unprotected, but all the horses were carefully led into the cellar of the Hall through a wide stairway which opened from the back yard, and which in summer constituted the usual mode of communication with those subterranean quarters. Here the carriages were also stored, with all the equipage from the stables, and various out-of-door valuables, so that the assailants could really acquire but few spoils if they failed in obtaining possession of the house.

But Capt. Price scarcely believed in the possibility of repelling so large a force, even with the whole of their little garrison, and if the enemy should arrive during the absence of the rescuing party and of their able commander, the peril of course would be greatly augmented.

The protracted absence of Major Barton and his command gave him great uneasiness, and when, near midnight, some late refugees from a point several miles down the river, reported the enemy actually in motion, and approaching the Hall, he resolved to send out messengers in search of his friends, to give them the alarm and to expedite their return.

Four of the servants had volunteered for this duty with an alacrity which somewhat surprised the captain, for the negroes had not thus far manifested any excess of courage; but as they were not likely to be of much use inside, and were good riders, he gladly accepted their services, which he certainly would not have done if he could have heard the consultation which resulted in the offer of them.

"Tell you what, Joe," said Ned, with dilated eyes, "dis is gettin' ser'ous, dis is; de inimy close by—five or six hundred, maybe—and Massa Major and all the best fightin' men gone away."

"It's my 'pinion dat it's parfeckly orful," replied Joe. "Now, you see Cap'n Price, he'll hef to 'pitulate right off—mejuntly."

"What's dat?"

"S'render dis ere house and all de furniture, and all de folks, and we shall all be prisoners, 'ceptin' what de Injens please to amuse demselves wid by tomahawkin', and scalpin', and roastin', which would proberbly be us colored people—'cause de Injens don't like colored folks."

A general chattering of teeth responded to this statement, and Ned continued:

"Now Cap'n Price is gwine to send out men after Massa Major right away, and I'd jes like to be one of dem men wot he sends."

"So would I," was the general reply.

"He'll give us hosses to go on, and—and we'll go till we find him, and if we don't find him we can keep on looking, hey?"

"Sartain; we won't come back widout Masser, not wile dere are any Injens around."

The envoys, as we have seen, were accepted greatly to their satisfaction, which was somewhat diminished by the speedy success of their mission, and their enforced return to the scene of danger.

The long-expected enemy did not arrive until nearly one o'clock in the morning, their delay doubtless having been occasioned by waiting for the return of the smaller party of marauders, whose operations had been so unexpectedly retarded. Their approach was announced by sentinels who had been placed in the fields, and who came silently in, as instructed, without firing upon the advancing foe.

Barton did not yet altogether abandon the hope that Butler would leave him unmolested, and he resolved to give him no provocation for an attack.

A few horsemen preceded the main body of the enemy, the first portion of which advanced with something like military order, while a large number followed in broken ranks, and with little regard to discipline. It was difficult to estimate their numbers with confidence, as seen by the dim starlight, and partly hidden by the trees; but the force was large enough to leave no hope for the patriot party, if their views were hostile, and if their courage bore any proportion to their strength.

Would they spare the Hall, and pass on in pursuit of prisoners and plunder, in more defenceless quarters?

If not, would they summon the garrison, or begin an attack at once, and without parley? These were questions which were agitating every breast, when a loud and sonorous command issued from the front of the column: "*Halt!*"

There was decision in the tone, perhaps defiance, nothing certainly from which the hearers could augur anything like amity.

The little army filled the road directly in front of the house, and were separated from it only by the length of the front yard or lawn, which was some eight or nine rods in length. A picket fence surrounded this yard, while the adjoining carriage-road from the street to the stables was similarly enclosed, a gate from each enclosure opening into the street.

Major Barton had withdrawn his whole force within the building; the lights were extinguished, or were burning where no ray from them could reach the outer air, and to all external appearance, the inmates of the Hall were enjoying their usual nightly repose.

But these appearances did not betray the leader of the enemy into making an unguarded attack; for he well knew that his force could not pass through so [illegible] a patriot settlement without being duly heralded by the alarmed inhabitants.

He advanced to the fence, and, in a loud voice, demanded an interview with Major Edward Barton, the proprietor of St. [illegible] The Major opened an upper w[illegible]ing announced himself as the individual required, he was met by an instant summons to surrender the Hall.

"Who is it that makes this modest request?" asked Barton, "and by what authority?"

"It is Captain Butler—a loyal American officer; and by authority of Colonel Guy Johnson, a commissioned officer in his Majesty's service."

"Is Colonel Johnson with you?"

"No; do you surrender?" was the reply, in an impatient tone.

"Certainly not; I am prepared to defend my home, and I warn you to pass on, and not molest me."

"Come on, my boys," shouted the Tory captain, "there's nobody here but an old man and half a dozen niggers, and there's lots of plunder. Come on!"

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

## DISCIPLINE;

OR,

### HELEN'S RUNAWAY MARRIAGE.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

Mr. Arnott came gruffly up his own front steps, and thrust his latch-key into its place with a quick, sharp click that was audible throughout the house. Nobody came out to meet him—it was not the custom of that household. The children had been playing, somewhat riotously, up stairs in their mother's room, but the click of that key operated as a spell of silence. Their laughter was smothered, their faces grew suddenly grave, and they each stole away to seats which they proceeded to occupy in grim silence.

Mr. Arnott's chief pride in his family consisted in being its "head"—that is to say, in exacting due submission to his unquestioned will. He called himself a practical man, and had various stern ideas of discipline—theories that sounded remarkably well in the utterance, but unfortunately were not quite satisfactory in their results when put in practice.

In his sphere of household discipline he included all who came beneath his roof—wife, children, servants, and even guests, to just such extent as the length of their delay, and the nearness of their connection, rendered possible.

Mrs. Arnott, listening anxiously, now read great mental disturbance in certain sounds which rose to her ear from the lower floor, such as energetic questions to a servant, slamming of doors, and other indications generally supposed to betoken explosions of feminine wrath. She had feared this, for she knew that "discipline" had received a rude shock that day.

Presently her door was thrown open, and her husband came striding into the room, black wrath upon his brow, no smile nor pleasant greeting, in truth no greeting, of whatever sort, to any member of the silent household. Mrs. Arnott looked up from the sewing which trembled visibly in her hands, with a wan smile that faded quickly before his freezing aspect. Mr. Arnott strode to the fire, and turning his back to it, stood upon the hearth-rug and glowered upon his family.

"Are you cold, George?" the wife ventured to ask.

"I believe I pay the coal-bills, Madam," was the amiable reply. "I suppose I have the right to warm myself at my own fire."

Mr. Arnott looked round upon the group. Probably he thought them sufficiently petrified, for he broke out suddenly with the remark:

"So, Helen's here again."

"She has just arrived," the wife ventured to reply, seeing that something was expected of her. "She came down on business."

"And is making a hotel of my house. How often must she be informed that I will have but one visit in the year from her, or any of your relations."

"She understands that, George, but she thought, I suppose, that you would not object to her staying here a day or two while she attended to the matters which brought her to the city."

"And what right, may I ask, has she to think anything about it? Am I to make rules for this household, or is she? Am I the head of this family, or is Miss Helen Chapman?"

"You, of course, George; but——"

The course of this matrimonial dialogue was here interrupted by the entrance of the subject of discussion, a very pretty and piquant girl of eighteen or twenty, as like pale, faded Mrs. Arnott as a brilliant, smiling portrait, fresh from some great artist's pencil, is to a dim daguerreotype, which must be held in a certain light to be seen at all. Helen had often been told at home that she greatly resembled her sister Lucy—it was not easy for her to believe the tale.

She came up to her brother-in-law, smiling, and held out a plump, pretty hand in greeting. But before she reached him the hand fell to her side, and the smile faded from her lips. Mr. Arnott's salutation was a short nod, a grunt, and then the presentation of his broad shoulders and bald head. Helen glanced at her sister, saw the tears rising in her eyes, and had an indistinct vision of small faces, radiant a few minutes before, now grave and awe-stricken. She smiled reassuringly upon the poor wife, and returned courageously to the attack of Sir Bruin upon the hearth.

"Don't you know me, George? You did not speak to me when you met me on the street, just now, but I supposed you did not recognize me. Surely you have not forgotten me in six weeks."

"Nor should not if you stayed away a year, as you know I expected you would. What is the use of discipline in a man's household, if his wife's beggarly relations take the liberty of trampling upon it at their pleasure?"

Helen's eyes shot fire from their violet depths, and the poor wife uttered a feeble ejaculation. For that sister's sake Helen mastered the impulse which would have led her to turn silently from the house, and answered calmly:

"I am not a beggar, since I earn every dollar I spend. Business brought me to the city, and I came to stay at my sister's house for the day or two that I shall be here, just as we should expect you or yours to come to our house under similar circumstances. But——"

"'Your sister's house!' I was not aware that she had a house," sneered Mr. Arnott. "But since you are here, you can stay in mine. But mind, I will not have my rules broken over again."

"I'll not break your rules, sir," answered Helen, with spirit. "I am going at once, and you need make no more rules in regard to me, for you will never again have the opportunity to repeat the insults of this hour. Good-bye, Lucy, my dear. Perhaps you will be happier if none of us intrude here, though it will be hard not to see you sometimes. Good-bye, children; don't forget Aunt Helen," and she went from one to another kissing each.

While this was going on Mr. Arnott had time to reflect. There was no earthly reason why Helen should not stay there, except the arbitrary [illegible] visit from his wife's relations must suffice. He had a large house, plenty of domestics, and grudged neither the trouble nor expense of a guest. It would sound ill to any who should [illegible] his door. The Chapmans were poor, but not "beggarly," as he had termed them. They sustained themselves well, and were respected, and had local influence. Several of his best customers resided in the same place; Miss Helen herself, during her late visit, had bought of him a handsome bill of goods for the millinery establishment in which she was forewoman, and had a small partnership.

I am sorry to say that he never thought of his wife's feelings at all, not being in the habit of taking matters of so little account into consideration; but, before Helen had completed her round of farewells and reached the door, he intercepted her.

"You are not going, Helen; since you have chosen to come, it is proper for you to remain here. Lucy, take your sister upstairs, and see if dinner is not nearly ready."

Helen resisted. Her spirit was roused by unprovoked insults; but after a long time, melted by Lucy's sorrowful, pleading face, she consented to stay "just over night;" and while Mr. Arnott was fretting himself into a rage because the dinner was just "four minutes and twenty seconds too late, by his watch," she was arranging her dress, as well as she could for her tears, in the upper room to which her sister had brought her.

I wonder whose picture it was that she took out of its velvet case, just before she went down stairs, and pressed to her lips, while a happy, prophetic smile, that made her eyes glisten like diamonds through the tears that yet lingered, broke over her face.

Mr. Arnott condescended to be tolerably affable during dinner. But for his mania for discipline he would not have been worse than many other men. He was very selfish, but could wear the "livery of Heaven" on occasion. He had been called a "model Christian gentleman" in certain complimentary resolutions got up by a society which he had formed and controlled for some years, and it was but natural that he should sometimes strive to deserve the character.

Helen felt as if the food was choking her, but for Lucy's sake she affected to eat, and listened and replied appropriately.

The evening passed heavily. Mr. Arnott retired behind his newspaper, and it was understood that no one should speak while he was reading. The elder children studied their lessons, and the two ladies were glad when the hour for the younger ones to retire arrived, for then they stole away to the nursery for a quiet sisterly gossip.

Helen went out early in the morning. Mr. Arnott, at breakfast, had informed her that he had just received several cartons of ribbands at his store, and asked her to give him a call if she was making purchases, and she had bowed an acknowledgment of the invitation, but made no promise. Mrs. Arnott was busy in the nursery when she went away, and therefore lost the opportunity of asking any questions as to her destination or return.

Two days passed without any tidings from Helen. Mrs. Arnott and the baby both became ill. Mr. Arnott became frightened and put a notice in the papers. The next morning a policeman called at the house early, and stated that Smith, 20, of the 10th precinct, had seen a young lady answering the description of Miss Chapman, talking at the corner of a certain street with a young man, rather tall, black hair and eyes, military whiskers, and well-dressed, and that she had gone, accompanied by him, toward one of the ferries. And Jones, 5, of another precinct, had seen a similar pair enter one of the railroad stations.

"Why, that might be John Graydon," exclaimed Mrs. Arnott. "But she could not, of course, go away with him."

"And who may John Graydon be?" sternly inquired Mr. Arnott, for he was getting heartily tired of the whole matter—anxiety, sick wife, crying children, total derangement of discipline, so unprecedented, and all."

"Why, the son of our old minister at S. He and Helen have known each other from childhood. He came here once to see her when she was visiting me."

"To my house!" gasped Mr. Arnott—"a man not invited by me!" The shock overpowered him; but presently he managed to say, with withering scorn: "Then you think this wretched girl has disgraced us by a runaway match, after all? And what may be the occupation of the gentleman she has thrust into our family?"

"Oh, I don't think so at all," replied Mrs. Arnott to one of his questions. "There would be no necessity for running away. Father and mother could not object to John, for he is an excellent young man; and though he is only a carpenter, and works in the Navy Yard, he is a foreman, and gets excellent wages. He told me when he was here that his savings would soon enable him to go into some other business."

Mr. Arnott was for once silent with rage. He forgot that he was but a clerk when his wife married him, and that the small sum she had saved from three or four years' school-teaching had added enough to his accumulations to enable *him* to "go into other business."

He assumed at once that Helen had run away with John Graydon, and ordering his wife not to mention her name again in his presence, strode out of the room and slammed the door with a crash that nearly stunned the poor sufferer.

He had hardly reached the lower hall, when the bell rang, and a telegram was handed in. He tore it open, and found his late suspicions confirmed. Helen had sent the message. In the inland city where she and Graydon had stopped upon their brief wedding-tour, they had seen Mr. Arnott's advertisement, and she first realized the anxiety she had caused her sister. Therefore she hastened to reassure her.

Mr. Arnott showed the telegram to his wife, and then issued his imperial ukase to the effect that not only these obnoxious Graydons should never be recognized by her, but that every member of her family should thenceforth be excluded from his house.

"He had had trouble enough with them. Let them keep out of his way, henceforth."

Poor Mrs. Arnott submitted, as she always did; and if her cheek became paler, and her step more languid, discipline was maintained, and Mr. Arnott never noticed the change.

But about a year later the household rules were again disturbed, and for some days there was no such thing as discipline or order in the Arnott house. Then its pale, shadowy mistress, peacefully at rest at last, was carried forth to the home "prepared for all living." When she was dead her parents were permitted to see her, and so was her sister Helen; but Mr. Arnott spoke to none of them, and after the funeral they did not return to the house.

Mrs. Arnott's remains have reposed peacefully beneath the shadow of the trees of Greenwood for ten years. He had lost his wealth; spirit and courage were gone, before the last great change came. As he lay alone upon his dying-bed, there were many memories of the past to haunt him, among them that of the blooming, sprightly girl on whom the iron hand of his [illegible] crushed her into the grave. And he foresaw for her children the beggary he had once laid scornfully at the door of her relatives.

But to that chamber of penitence and suffering light footsteps came. Cool hands were laid on the fevered brow, [illegible] voices murmured soothing words in his ear. Helen and her husband had come to him in his hour of need, and he died at last content. His children had never forgotten "Aunt Helen," and in her home, now one of affluence, they find shelter and love. The old arbitrary discipline is at an end, and the reign of kindness has begun.

Helen has never regretted that Mr. Arnott's unkindness precipitated her marriage with John Graydon. She has been happy. In her little shop on Canal street she has worked cheerfully, while John toiled in the Navy Yard. And so they gained the beautiful home where poor Lucy's children found happiness at last.

## THE JEALOUS MARCHIONESS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF COUNTESS D'ASH.

BY JUL. G. DURANT.

### CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE LEGEND.

"Depart!" repeated Beatrix. "At this hour! and where are we going, if you please?"

"To rejoin your daughter, my dear; you desired it so much!"

"To rejoin your Christine, sir! that is what you should say. I shall not accompany you."

"Beatrix! Beatrix! Do you wish to drive me mad? Have you no pity on me?"

She thought he would yield, and her temper did not fail her as usual. She struggled against it, and showed herself decided.

"Have you had pity on me? You!" she replied. "What do I owe you? Which of us is guilty? Which of us has failed to perform his or her duty? Sir! you have always treated me as a servant and your victim; until now I have always obeyed you. I am at length tired of it; I will not follow you."

"You will not follow me!"

"No."

"You will not follow me!" repeated he, his teeth grating with anger. "I tell you that you shall follow me!"

"No! No! No!"

"Beatrix, take care!"

"Follow you! to serve as a trophy to that miserable creature! to show her that your love belongs to her, and that I am reduced to an object of disdain, of contempt! Sir, I will do this no more! do you hear, sir? I am resolved. I am prepared to endure anything; but I shall not longer submit to that humiliation, unworthy of myself, unworthy of your daughter's mother."

He was scowling upon her with dark looks whilst she spoke thus; and when their eyes met, she was frightened at a perverse expression, which she detected therein for the first time.

"Get up, Madame," resumed he, slowly, still withholding himself. "We start in a quarter of an hour."

"No, sir; why do you force me to repeat it? I will not go!"

Then that ferocious and indomitable passion, which had been gnawing for months in de Monza's soul, like a shameful leper; that passion, forced to show itself by the resistance it encountered on every side, was no longer able to be curbed. The marquis sprang to his wife's bed, seized her arm abruptly, and almost threw her to the floor, wringing her in such a manner as to bruise her in the fall.

"Ring for your waiting-woman, and dress," cried he. "I am decided!"

"Ah!" murmured the unfortunate woman,

thrown on the carpet, "it is all over; I am lost!"

Amedée paid no attention to her remark, and, seeing that she did not move, he rang the bell himself. The waiting woman entered. Beatrix had not pronounced one word; overthrown by the weight of that misfortune, of which she could only realize the depth, she allowed herself to be dressed, feeling incapable of opposing the least resistance. She remembered from that time an automaton,—without thought, without voice, without feeling. She could neither give an order, nor answer the questions of her servants; the simple command near her, inexplicable and cold—like heart devoured by age, by terrible despair that finds no cry, makes no language. When she was ready, he took his wife's arm, placed her in the carriage, seated himself by her side, gave orders for the Tuileries, and very soon after both had left the hotel.

They rode several leagues in silence. The murderous deed not remark that her husband was himself paying the postilions. Daylight came; still they sped on in the same way. The carriage, which had stopped at Melun, and there three times as much as usual, and was driven at the rate of breaking the carriage. What mattered it? The unfortunate woman did not know where she was going, nor perceived that it was day. On arriving at Bruneck, she alighted for the first time; but she refused all nourishment, and only had done since leaving Paris.

Come into the hotel and rest yourself a few hours," said de Mosnis. "I have some business here. If you do not wish anything, give my orders."

She bowed assent her, and perceived for the first time that they had brought no servants with them; for this her fright was redoubled, as well as her surprise. She followed step by step the tall officer, who, after having announced her, threw open a room.

"Call Josephine," said she, mechanically.

"Who is Josephine?" asked the girl.

"And I, I be here; I had forgotten! Leave me."

As the servant closed the door, Beatrix dropped into an armchair, and throwing a long look around the room, let her head sink down upon expressed.

"Where is he taking me?" said she to herself. "What is he going to do with me? If I was to fly, I might still be able to—" A movement of her from that wretch, escape with her to the end of the world! Yes, I will go."

She rose. She advanced and opened the door, descended a few steps of the staircase, and then stopped. It seemed as if her heart was breaking.

"Amédée! Amédée!" exclaimed she, sobbing. "Leave me! leave me! I implore you on my knees!"

She ascended again quickly to her room. Before she reached it, a hand was laid on her arm, and a voice vibrated to her ear:

"Where are you going, Madame?"

"Oh! I was going to run away; but I will not."

"You were going to flee! It is well to know. Go back to your room, my dear; go."

She did not cause him to repeat it a second time; she returned to her room. Amédée closed the window, assured himself of its height, and returned to the door.

"Sleep, if you desire," said the marquis, "we leave in two hours."

Sleep!" replied she, with a heart-rending accent.

"If you will."

He withdrew, and Beatrix heard the key turn twice in the lock.

She remained in the same place where he had left her; when he returned she followed him without an observation, without a response. She took his arm, and again enjoyed a moment of happiness in leaning herself on one side. They re-entered the carriage, and their journey was continued with the same rapidity as before. It continued thus until they arrived at the Rhine. On beholding the river, Beatrix bounded like a roused lioness. She grasped her husband's arm, exclaiming—

"Where are we going?"

"What matters it to you?"

"I wish to know, or I will summon assistance. I go no further."

The marquis shrugged his shoulders.

"Be aware we are—"

"You are going where it pleases me to take you; you can help you against me, for I am your husband."

And he gave orders to go faster still; his blood was boiling in his veins, and his heart beat almost to suffocation. His imagination hurried over the space that was separating him from happiness. What might occur during that journey? Beatrix might throw him. Christine! Christine! the stone crossed her thoughts as the carriage stopped.

The sun was inclining in all its splendor, on a fine spring night; the waters roared like; gilt sparks issued from their dark depths on the great pink, yellow and blue clouds that the forms of a fantastic vein had gathered around the carriage. The darkest rocks were the waters of the Rhine, and the whole the rocks and pine trees of Mosnis. The melancholy and the keeper's family surrounded them. In an instant Beatrix understood all at this.

"Mosnis! Mosnis!" exclaimed she, striking her forehead; "Christine! I am dead. This is my tomb!"

The domestics that stood around did not understand her. "Her husband alone knew what she said; and she could not be louder.

"Come! Be quick!" said he. "There is a fire lighted in your room; it is frightfully cold here."

Amédée, answer me, in the name of heaven! In the name of my mother who confided me to your care on her deathbed! Why do you bring me here? What are you going to do with me?"

"Nothing, be assured," replied he, trying to smile; "you are going to be with your brother in the night of your and pretty Mosnis!"

"Ah, you are a monster, insulting in contemplate the beautiful scene that spread before her eyes; "you! is it a pretty room? It is not to be patient yet, sir; I follow you. But one word more, I implore you, answer me here!"

"No," replied M. de Mosnis, very low.

"Shall we be done, then? Let us go."

One of the doorkeeper's children was preceding them, bearing a torch; the murderous did not recognize him.

"These are new people?" said she.

"Yes, my dear. No one that was here before could be more agreeable."

"What! Poor Fritz! Alas, he was an honest man!"

As they passed through these dull, dark, and spacious apartments, in which the gaudiness and the grotesque produced a singular and fantastic forms, Beatrix's teeth chattered with cold and fright.

"I am dying with fear," whispered she, drawing near to her husband.

"You are childish, Beatrix."

They arrived at the final gallery suspended above the precipice. Madame de Mosnis passed again a few moments.

"There, near the Danube, was Gauthier's chapel, was it not?" inquired she.

"What are you thinking of, Madame? Go! go to your room?" replied Amédée, impatiently.

She entered, and the aspect of that chamber terrified her still more.

A great fire shone in the chimney; the dancing flame sparkled joyously among the branches of resinous wood heaped upon the hearth, over which a caldron was boiling, and the coals which were chirping in the recesses of the fireplace. That little corner, so gay and animated, contrasted singularly with the rest of the apartment—with the dark and damp antechamber, the bedstead. Here all was in shade, and was tained by columns of ash, the dark and moisture-penetrated walls, the cold and sombre tint the deep well, and admitting the rays of the moon through the colored glass, forming a fantastic design on the marble slabs of the floor, bench of carpet, and, lastly, the melancholy odor which belongs to places for a long time closed, and that ascends to one's brain like a funeral chant! Beatrix, naturally timid, was frightened at all this; she found it to so many omens. She seated herself near the fire, as pale as death.

"Light up," said she; "light up the chandeliers, the candlesticks, everything, my dear Baumes! Light in profusion, or I shall lose my reason!"

Two or three men and women servants were bringing in baggage and arranging everything. Valsidy did she seek among them a known face. That circumstance increased her fear and grief.

"Amédée, have you changed all your people?" she inquired. "And not one of them whom I made friends French. Tranaud! to them my orders, I beg of you. My dear Amédée, you cannot believe that fright has given me a fever."

The marquis still preserved his cold and severe aspect, and the apartment was immediately lighted up the thereupon appeared relieved.

"That is better," continued; "I no longer see lions and Gauthier; I see no longer the cruel Jolly of the assassin. Friend, I am too tired this evening, and am unable to hear you."

"No! I be not, my dear Beatrix; to-morrow I can wait no longer; later, perhaps, I should not have the courage."

"And my daughter! my daughter! has suffering happened to her? Answer me, and I will be again?"

"Your daughter is well, I assure you."

"When shall I see her?"

He was silent.

"Father to Heaven!" exclaimed she, rising, and clasping her hands, "shall I never see my child again? Tell me, I implore you, in the name of God, and pray that I may bless you from the depth of my heart. Amédée, for this night shall decide the future of our existence."

And without awaiting an answer, he deported. There would beyond Beatrix with increased fear, yet she had sufficient strength to call still time. Left alone with her apprehensions, she endeavored to collect her ideas, and to reflect upon what might be the end of all this.

"Why has he not killed me?" said she to herself. "Alas! he will kill me; yes, he has brought me to a solitary spot, surrounded by his servants. He wishes to rid himself of me; I see it all now. Oh! I am not deceived; I am not to doubt. But I will not die! I will live! I will not accept death as a favor. I will call upon God and daughter to the hands of my enemy! No, no! That can never be! God will not allow it, I permit it! I will call! some one shall come to my assistance."

She raised her head towards the mantel-piece, but found that the flames had ceased to rise. She stop. She rushed to the one suspended above the bed—to see in the same condition. She ran to the door of the antechamber—locked! She opened the window, but her voice was lost in space, and drowned in the noise of the waves.

"Oh! I am lost!" said she, as M. de Mosnis claimed she. "It is decreed; he is going to assassinate me! Help! help!"

And her head became more and more confused as she sank upon a chair. Her imagination hurried over the space that was separating her from happiness. What might occur during that interval disappeared from before him. Christine! Christine! the stone crossed her thoughts as the carriage stopped.

The sun was inclining in all its splendor, on a fine spring night; the waters roared like; gilt sparks issued from their dark depths on the great pink, yellow and blue clouds that the forms of a fantastic vein had gathered around the carriage. The darkest rocks were the waters of the Rhine, and the whole the rocks and pine trees of Mosnis. The melancholy and the keeper's family surrounded them. In an instant Beatrix understood all at this.

"Mosnis! Mosnis!" exclaimed she, striking her forehead; "Christine! I am dead. This is my tomb!"

The domestics that stood around did not understand her. "Her husband alone knew what she said; and she could not be louder.

"Come! Be quick!" said he. "There is a fire lighted in your room; it is frightfully cold here."

"Amédée, answer me, in the name of heaven! In the name of my mother who confided me to your care on her deathbed! Why do you bring me here? What are you going to do with me?"

"Nothing, be assured," replied he, trying to smile; "you are going to be with your brother in the night of your and pretty Mosnis!"

"Ah, you are a monster, insulting in contemplate the beautiful scene that spread before her eyes; "you! is it a pretty room? It is not to be patient yet, sir; I follow you. But one word more, I implore you, answer me here!"

"No," replied M. de Mosnis, very low.

"Shall we be done, then? Let us go."

One of the doorkeeper's children was preceding them, bearing a torch; the murderous did not recognize him.

"These are new people?" said she.

"Yes, my dear. No one that was here before could be more agreeable."

"What! Poor Fritz! Alas, he was an honest man!"

As they passed through these dull, dark, and spacious apartments, in which the grotesque and fantastic forms, produced a singular and fantastic forms, Beatrix's teeth chattered with cold and fright.

"I am dying with fear," whispered she, drawing near to her husband.

"You are childish, Beatrix."

They arrived at the final gallery suspended above the precipice. Madame de Mosnis passed again a few moments.

"There, near the Danube, was Gauthier's chapel, was it not?" inquired she.

"What are you thinking of, Madame? Go! go to your room?" replied Amédée, impatiently.

"Listen to me," said she. "Your name?"

"Lisbeth."

"Lisbeth, have you a sweetheart? Do you wish to get married?"

"Oh! yes."

"Have you a portion?"

"Alas!"

"Well, you can earn one to-night, if you are faithful. If you refuse to believe me, you will be the pity that your physiognomy indicates. I am going to write a letter; before you are way of sending it without M. de Mosnis's knowing it."

Lisbeth hesitated. The murderous exposed her pocket-book, extracted a concealed spring, took a handful of gold from the secret drawer, and threw it in the agony of the young girl equanimity at her feet.

"Take that," said she, "and when you shall have announced to me that my letter has arrived, I will give you as much again."

"Will you swear it?"

"I swear it."

"Well, give me your letter, and I swear to you that it shall arrive."

"May God bless you for those words!"

The young woman seized a pen, traced a few lines, sealed them, and handed them to Lisbeth; it was addressed to Mme. de Saint-Hilaire.

"Hide that note in your pocket," said she, "and remember that, if you betray me, you as the messenger; left! him to make great haste! and do you remain never not to-night; do not leave me, even if commanded by it. Mme." leg of your. My dear Lisbeth, you will believe that fright has given me a fever."

The marquis still preserved his cold and severe aspect, and the apartment was immediately lighted up the thereupon appeared relieved.

"That is better," continued; "I no longer see lions and Gauthier; I see no longer the cruel Jolly of the assassin. Friend, I am too tired this evening, and am unable to hear you."

"No! I be not, my dear Beatrix; to-morrow I can wait no longer; later, perhaps, I should not have the courage."

"And my daughter! my daughter! has suffering happened to her? Answer me, and I will be again?"

"Your daughter is well, I assure you."

"When shall I see her?"

He was silent.

"Father to Heaven!" exclaimed she, rising, and clasping her hands, "shall I never see my child again? Tell me, I implore you, in the name of God, and pray that I may bless you from the depth of my heart. Amédée, for this night shall decide the future of our existence."

And without awaiting an answer, he deported. There would beyond Beatrix with increased fear, yet she had sufficient strength to call still time. Left alone with her apprehensions, she endeavored to collect her ideas, and to reflect upon what might be the end of all this.

"Why has he not killed me?" said she to herself. "Alas! he will kill me; yes, he has brought me to a solitary spot, surrounded by his servants. He wishes to rid himself of me; I see it all now. Oh! I am not deceived; I am not to doubt. But I will not die! I will live! I will not accept death as a favor. I will call upon God and daughter to the hands of my enemy! No, no! That can never be! God will not allow it, I permit it! I will call! some one shall come to my assistance."

She raised her head towards the mantel-piece, but found that the flames had ceased to rise. She stop. She rushed to the one suspended above the bed—to see in the same condition. She ran to the door of the antechamber—locked! She opened the window, but her voice was lost in space, and drowned in the noise of the waves.

"Oh! I am lost!" said she, as M. de Mosnis claimed she. "It is decreed; he is going to assassinate me! Help! help!"

And her head became more and more confused as she sank upon a chair. Her imagination hurried over the space that was separating her from happiness. What might occur during that interval disappeared from before him. Christine! Christine! the stone crossed her thoughts as the carriage stopped.

Exhausted and out of breath, she fell into her armchair, and took her pistols; she then reached their porcupine, and she afterwards became calmed a little, for she felt that she possessed another turn. She gave herself up to contemplation of the wonderful scene that she viewed in her mind till that she had suffered during the last hour; then all sudden were lost her tears and days of misery. Then slowly she raised her head towards heaven.

"The future that swells our is more wretched still if I survive. My love for Gauthier is so close not retain the first sentiment of affection for me! If he loves me, he will avenge me; and to my terrible sorrow! poor woman, accused vengeance that I am! Yes, I am a husband, nothing left! loneliness, eternal loneliness!"

She returned to the window, and remained on the stone balcony contemplating the waves, whose echo alone broke the ear the winding, of the river, silvered by the rays of the moon, and the sombre reflection of the owl seated on the turret, and the noise of the distant waters as they dashed against the rocks.

"If I were not to wait for him," thought she, "if I should precipitate myself into the raving abyss—poor bird! you sing my death-song, you, that are a companion to me! I respect my life, and then—I will see him again."

She went down to the antechamber, and finding can restore the dust than wounded; the instant it occurred to it to descend to it. Beatrix no rest but in the grave.

Madame de Mosnis, leaning on the stone balustrades of the window, which was lighted by a brilliant sun, and enveloped in the warm rays of her long hair, unaerated by the journey, falling over her shoulders, contemplated the scene with admiration; she did not seem astonished when a young girl, who had just arrived, came to her, and offered a shrink on beholding her, and retreated towards the door.

"Fear not," said the murderous; "come here, my child. But tell me, in the name of Heaven, am I not a prisoner?"

The girl answered in French, scarcely intelligible, that the marquis had given her the key.

The tears of Beatrix vanished. She became almost as quickly reassured as she had been alarmed. Yet she might be mistaken; Amédée's projects against her might be renewed at any moment. She owed it to her regard for her daughter to seek means of escaping. The willingness had approached her little by little, watching her carefully, but with very evident compassion; the mischievous hoped from her

### THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

BY WILLIAM H. MORRIS.

We parted with a cheerful smile
When last I pressed her hand,
To follow to the battle field
The banner of our land.
Her glowing glance in memory
Unceasingly will burn—
For well I know, she will bestow
The same, when I return.

When, gazing at the glimm'ring stars
And resting on the ground,
While soldiers, wearied by the march,
Are slumbering around,
How oft, to hold that little hand
And hear her vows, I yearn,
For well I know, she will bestow
The same, when I return.

# A NIGHT OF ADVENTURES.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

The subjoined thrilling and romantic story we give as we received it from the narrator:

"I have traveled in my time over a great portion of the world, and have had some rather curious, exciting and remarkable adventures; but the most remarkable of these, I think, taking everything into consideration, was the series which occurred one night in the city of New Orleans in the winter of 1853. I was visiting the city on a trip of pleasure, and had letters of introduction to some three or four of the first families; but I arrived there a perfect stranger, put up at one of the principal hotels, and thought I would see a little of the town before making myself known to those who would be bound by the rules of good-breeding to receive me as a friend.

"With this view I started out one evening for a walk, and having passed through some of the principal thoroughfares, I found myself on the borders of a locality that did not look particularly inviting, the streets being poorly lighted, and the houses and people indicating the quarter of the poorer class. I kept on, however, some little distance, taking care not to lose sight of the main street I had left, and was on the point of turning back when, from a dark alley near by, a little girl, poorly and thinly clad, came running toward me, crying as if her heart would break.

"'What is the matter, my child?' said I, in a tone of compassion.

"She stopped and looked up at me, presenting to my view, by the light of a street lamp, a tearful face of great sweetness and beauty, and whose innocence I would have vouched for.

"'Oh!' she sobbed, 'my poor mother I fear is dying! She has been sick for a week, and for two days we have had nothing to eat. We have pawned everything, and I have started out to see if I can get a little charity. It goes hard with me to ask it, sir, and I have shrunk from it till the last moment, and now I am afraid it is too late. Oh, my God! my God! what will become of us?'

"Her voice was soft and sweet, her language that of a child who had received the early training of a refined mother, and all my sympathies were strongly enlisted in her behalf.

"'If I were certain, my child, that what you tell me is true, I would give you enough to make you comfortable for the present—that is, I mean, so far as mere money can do it.'

"'Oh, if you doubt me, sir, come and see for yourself! it is but a step!' she rejoined, in a [illegible]

"I looked at the dark alley, and its old, dilapidated, half tumble-down houses, and hesitated. What if this should be a plot to entrap the unwary and unsuspecting? I looked again at the face of the little girl, and at once [illegible] suspicion as unjust. Either nature lied as I had never known nature to lie, or that little pitiful creature was innocent of one single thought of wrong. Instinctively, however, I put my hand on a pistol, as I said:

"'Lead on, my child! I will follow you.'

"She caught hold of my hand, with an impulsive 'God bless you, sir!' and hurried me forward, through the dark alley, into a darker court, and thence into an old building, up one flight of stairs, and back to a small room that contained not a single ray of light. I stopped at the door, but the little girl ran in, exclaiming:

"'Oh, mother, mother—God has sent us a good, kind gentleman, who will keep us from starving, and perhaps let me get a doctor for you! Oh, you mustn't die, dear, dear mother! you mustn't die! you shall not die now!'

"A feeble groan was succeeded by a faint, hollow voice, which said:

"'Where is the gentleman, Nelly?'

"'Here!' said I, stepping into the room. 'Cheer up, my good woman! all that money can do to make you comfortable, shall be done. Here, my child,' continued I, thrusting my hand into my pocket and bringing it out nearly full of coin—probably both gold and silver, though it was too dark to see—'take this, and run and get what you most need now—among the rest a candle. I will remain here till you return.'

"'Oh, the good God bless you, sir!' sobbed the little girl, as I put the contents of my hand into hers; and to this was added a feeble 'Amen' from the poor mother.

"The child bounded away, and I heard her little feet pattering down the stairs.

"'Are you seriously ill with any disease, madam?' I inquired of the poor sufferer; 'or does your sickness result from being deprived of the necessaries of life?'

"'Ah, sir,' groaned the poor woman, 'I——'

"Her words were cut short by a wild, piercing scream, coming up from below, followed by a cry of:

"'Murder! murder! —help! help! help!'

"Impulsively I sprang out of the room, down the stairs, and back to another room on the lower floor, where I perceived the glimmer of a light through a partly opened door. As the cries of murder came from this apartment, I bounded in, without hesitation, and was immediately clutched by a woman, with a disordered dress and dishevelled hair, and whose eyes seemed to be blinded by the blood streaming from a large gash across her forehead. I had only time to see this much, and that there was a man springing back, with a bloody knife in his hand, when the light was suddenly dashed out, and the man seemed to retreat through a door on the other side of the room. The woman, evidently under the impression that she had got hold of her murderous assailant, held on to me with the gripe of death, crying:

"'Quick! quick! I have him! I have him! Murder! murder!—help! help!'

"As every succeeding word grew fainter and more faint, till the last one had a choked and indistinct utterance, it was evident to me that the poor woman was either dying or swooning; and as her hold of me was in no degree relaxed to correspond with the feebleness of her voice, I feared she was already in the convalsions of death. Here then was a situation for a stranger in a strange city!—to be found in the clutches of a murdered woman, with no means of proving that he did not commit the wicked deed! And even if not condemned for the crime—even taking the most favorable view possible in case the woman should not live to testify—there would be the suspicion, the arrest, the lock-up, the prison, the examination, the inquest, the trial perhaps, and last but not least, the public report of the press, in which my name would be sent far and near with a damning stigma attached. All this, which flashed upon my mind like lightning, filled me with an indescribable dread and horror, and prompted me to make my escape as if actually guilty of the crime. Already I heard numerous steps and voices, from different quarters, hurrying up to the scene, and in another moment my fate might be sealed. I must escape—it would be madness to remain—and without another moment's hesitation, I tore myself from the grasp of the woman, whose body fell heavily upon the floor, but whether in life or death I could not tell. I sprung across the room, for the door through which I supposed the real murderer had escaped, and, just as I had succeeded in finding it, some two or three persons burst into the apartment, with a light, and, following the first cries of horror, I heard the words, in the rough tones of excited men:

"'There he goes! there goes the murderer!' Catch him! catch him!—follow! follow!—murder! murder!—help! help!—stop thief! stop murderer!—help! help!'

"It seemed to be life and death with me now, and I bounded forward, I knew not whither. I had entered a small yard, and in ten steps I was stopped by a high board-fence. I caught hold of the top of this with my hands, and with a desperate spring threw myself over. I was now in another yard, and in a few steps was stopped by another fence of the same kind. Over this I went in the same manner; and as I struck the ground, I was seized by a fierce dog, which buried his teeth in the leg of my boot. Like lightning I drew one of my pistols, and with it struck him a powerful blow on the head. He let go his hold, with a yelp and howl of pain, and, making speedy use of my liberty, I was over the opposite fence in less time than it takes me to tell of it.

"I now found myself clear of all the yards, and in a dark, narrow, filthy alley, but with the cries of my pursuers ringing from different quarters, dogs barking all around, and windows being hurriedly thrown up and eager questions shouted out by the alarmed inmates of the numerous dwellings. I did not stop a moment to consider, but ran down the alley, and, hoping to throw all new parties from the right suspicion, I shouted, 'Stop murderer! stop thief!' as loud as the best of them.

"'Where? who? what?' cried a man, trying to detain me.

"'Yonder he goes—just turning the corner!' I shouted, as I eluded his grasp and bounded on.

"At the corner of the next street, a man—he might have been a watchman or policeman for all I know—jumped forward and seized hold of me.

"Quick as thought I struck him in the face with the fist in which I held my pistol, and down he dropped like a log, and on I went, shouting:

"'Stop murderer! stop thief!'

"By this time there was a perfect roar of voices behind, the whole town seemed to be in commotion, and quite a number joined me in the hue and cry, little dreaming that I was the person those behind were seeking, and they as little dreaming they were in pursuit of an innocent man. The rapid increase of numbers increased my safety; and as soon as I found myself surrounded by a large mob, I gradually slackened my pace, as if yielding to fatigue, and [illegible] ahead of me. In this way we all kept on, past several blocks of houses, till we came to an open lot on the right, when, thinking to get clear of the danger and the crowd at the same [illegible]

"But now, too late, I discovered I had only increased my peril, by attracting particular attention to myself; and the shout of, 'There he goes!—stop thief! stop thief!' caused me to bound forward like the hunted hare.

"In those days I was young, slender, and a fleet runner, and both my life and reputation being at stake, I made the best possible use of my limbs, and to such good effect that I gradually gained upon the foremost of the yelling crew.

"In this manner I came to a high wall, that seemed to shut in the garden of some private mansion, and, as I could not scale it, I kept along its base, till I came to a gate, which fortunately for me was slightly ajar, having been opened by the black porter to see what was going on, and who was now standing within a few feet of it, and looking wonderingly at the approaching crowd. He did not, from some cause, particularly notice me till I was in the act of entering, when with a loud yell, he made an effort to intercept me. But he was too late. Before he could reach the gate, I had sprung through, closed it, and shot the bolts; and as I still ran on through the grounds, beneath a delightful orange grove, I heard the human tide surge up around the walls, with loud cries of disappointment and rage.

"I was now comparatively safe; and I determined, as my best course, to enter the mansion, and appeal to the inmates to save me from the mob, even at the risk of their refusing to credit my truthful story, and subsequently giving me up to the officers of the law.

"As I approached the mansion, some three or four servants, who had heard the shouts of the excited mob, and had come out to guess, rather than see, what the matter was, called to me, evidently mistaking me in the darkness for the porter or some one of their number.

"'What is it, Jim? what is it?'

"'Run down to the gate if you want to see some fun!' I replied, keeping on toward the dwelling.

"They started off, and thus left me free. I reached the mansion and bounded in through the open door. Not seeing any one below, I hurried up a broad flight of stairs, and, in a large, elegantly-furnished sitting-room, beheld a young and beautiful lady, seated at a table, quietly poring over a book.

"'Excuse me, Madam,' said I, panting for breath, 'for this unceremonious intrusion! I have met with a misfortune, and am pursued by a wild mob, who are seeking my life. I am a stranger in the city, know not where to go, and now throw myself upon your mercy.'

"At the first sound of my voice, the lady looked up in startled wonder, and, by the time I had ceased, had risen to her feet, and now stood before me as pale and beautiful as a sculptured Venus.

"'Who are you? and what does all this mean?' she kindly but firmly inquired.

"In as few words as I could, I told her all that had happened since leaving my hotel.

"'A strange story!' she rejoined, looking at my disordered dress, and evidently with no small degree of suspicion.

"An idea flashed upon me.

"'Madam,' said I, 'to prove that I am not an impostor, though a stranger in the city, permit me to call your attention to these letters of introduction, addressed to some of the first families here, and of whom, it is highly probable, from your exalted position, you have some knowledge.'

"Saying this, I produced the letters, which I had fortunately taken out with me, and handed them to her. At the first superscription I saw her eye brighten, and the second letter she opened quickly and read eagerly, with a slight change of color.

"'This is to my father, from an old and valued friend!' she said, with a smile, coming forward and offering me her hand. 'In his absence, permit me, Mr. Warrington, to welcome you to our dwelling, though, for your own sake, I could wish your *entrée* had been more agreeable to yourself?'

"'A more *agreeable* surprise I certainly could never have had!' was my reply, as I bowed to my beautiful and fascinating hostess, and felt the while as if a mountain of trouble was lifted from my heart.

"Well, I was saved. When, an hour after, the police rang the bell, and made inquiries concerning a fugitive murderer, no such personage was known to any in the mansion. On the return of the other members of the family from the opera, whither they had gone previous to my singular arrival, the story of my adventures was told, and received with both sympathy and mirth. I remained over night, and the next day my baggage was sent for, and myself booked as a guest for the season—and a gay and brilliant one it proved to me.

"The poor little girl and her mother were cared for, and the real murderer of the woman was found, tried and executed.

"I have but one thing more to say concerning that night's adventures. The lady who that night gave me the hand of welcome in my hour of tribulation, subsequently added her *heart* to it. She is now, and has been for years, *my wife!*"

## THOUGHTS AS THEY OCCUR.—No. 106.

BY ONE WHO KEEPS HIS EYES AND EARS OPEN.

Among the superstitions of education are those in favor of Order. It is not that there is no such thing as Order, but that its advocates are bigoted, are narrow and exclusive. It is coolly taken for granted that if Order is good, Disorder is bad. As if there might not be bad order and good disorder!

If Order is Heaven's First Law, Disorder is at least its second. What is Order, as applied, I mean, to things? It is simply arrangement according to some notion, and Disorder is simply arrangement according to some *other* notion. They might be called primary order and secondary order.

As Practice almost always precedes Philosophy, so already there is to be found the fact of disorder for the sake of benefits which cannot be had by despotic Order. If a parlor is arranged with chairs in rows all around the walls, with everything in right lines, every one says, how stiff, how intolerable, how little taste is manifested! But swing round the lounge in the corner, carelessly; let the chairs be scattered about, just as they would be if persons had but now used them; shove the centre table a little out of the very middle of the medallion, so that it shall not be *set*, and then people say the parlor has a social and easy air. What is this but a disguised revolt against the despotism of Order? The same is more remarkably true in gardens and pleasure grounds. Formerly, grounds were arranged by geometric principles. Everything was squared and meted. Mathematical exactness ruled. Even the figures of geometry were copied. The French gardens might be said to be Geometry in blossom. Against this [illegible] what is called the *Natural Style* and what is the Natural or Picturesque Style of Landscape Gardening? It aims to reproduce the beauty of nature, together with its negligence and graceful disorder. It is a system [illegible] It aims to arrange things just as they would be if they never had been arranged at all.

These instances are enough to show that the prejudices which lofty and virtuous housekeepers have against disorder are not founded in philosophy, and that Order is often a mere nuisance. We don't believe it to be Heaven's first law; though we did not, for rhetorical effect, choose to say so earlier in this article. In so far as it can be made a foil, a background, a judicious contrast to disorder, we have no doubt it has a place and a function. But, it is only a path to be trod on the way to graceful disorder.

The face of Nature is the most obvious and thorough refutation of the popular superstitions about Order. Nothing is orderly till man takes hold of it. Everything in creation lies around loose, or is mixed up in the most inextricable disorder. Not in confusion. Disorder is never to be confounded with confusion. If our housekeepers had had the making of Nature, the world would have been a vast bureau, and every drawer would have had its appropriate specimens, in lamentable regularity. Here we should have had Mineralogy, next Botany, next Zoology, and so on, in intolerable order. As it is, thank Nature, things are scattered about all over the world splendidly, and no housekeeper was ever created to put this world "to rights."

We spake of bureaus. There is our own, for instance. It is a moderately good one, with a movable top, and a looking-glass attached. *Our* way of arranging is, to put everything down on the top, just as it comes. *Hers* is just the other way!

We treat it, as we should the globe, and leave things just as they dropped. Books, combs and brushes, a fishing-reel, a pamphlet, matches and lozenges, cologne and troches, a Battle Hymn, and letters, watch-cases, and ribbons. Then one would know where to look if anything were missing. Alas! Order steps up the moment we leave, and this beauteous disorder vanishes! It is distressing to every tender feeling of taste to open the first drawer. All is adjusted; nothing left to the imagination. Every lace smooth, every one folded, flat, regular. So it will be to-morrow, so next week, and to the end! The next drawer is *mine*. There repose the snow-white shirts, the pile of handkerchiefs; and they repose like Egyptian dead, in rows and shelf-like order. Once in a while we thrust in a genuine touch of nature, that is said to make all men kin; but a flat-iron does not take a wrinkle out of linen quicker than the *Order* does out of the drawer! And so it is with the next, and the next. So is it with the closet, with parlor and entries. The same rectangular fate presides in parlor and dining-room. Nay, it stealthily creeps into the very Study. Let me, in a moment rash with desperation, say my soul's faith (though it be heresy) that no Housekeeper—foreordained Housekeeper—has any rights in a Study. Here am I this morning, just returned after four days' absence. I left this room a Paradise, I find it a Purgatory. My table was blossoming all over with a luxuriant and tangled abundance of letters, papers, scraps from newspapers, books, and books on books. It was a Journal. Each day's deposit for weeks was there, almost with the regularity of geological strata. I could go back as in a register, and recall the topics of each several day, until memory failed, and the lower strata of papers, the very primitive formations, went back to dim and remote times inexplorable. Like an onion or tulip-bulb, the table was constructed in layers. Fatal absence! Misplaced confidence! I returned to find everything death-struck. All was Order! My articles sorted, my letters filed, my scraps classified, my pens collected and huddled like raw recruits in awkward squads, the scissors, the knife, the pins, the ink, the mucilage, stood round like officers dressed for a parade-day. A month will not suffice to bring back again the admired disorder, the graceful melange.

And then the books!

Mr. Bonner—you have a kind nature, a genuine, sympathizing heart. Every one has seen how heartily you stand up for your friends, and how heartily you thwack your adversaries. But even you cannot console me, nor avenge me of my adversary! She steals in! She views the happy scene! There was Bayle lying on the floor, with Mapes's Farmer in his lap, and an Atlas genially covering both.

There was a squadron of Living Ages lying around, like a picket of cavalry at ease. In one corner was a thicket of newspapers, on the sofa a ream of paper, a shawl, an affghan, a Concordance, a Bible, new books uncut, magazines, and various other treasures; near the window all the books that at various times for a month I had bought up, but had not put up, waiting till I had time to arrange; near the door a stack of portfolios and, here and there, a picture, patiently waiting to be hung.

The book-cases were in benevolent sympathy with the floor. Indeed, the book-case might be called a vertical floor, and the floor a horizontal book-case. Whichever way the eye turned it found unexpected contrasts. Nothing was tame. Everything was fitted to excite surprise in a well-regulated housekeeper's mind. It was a stimulating sight. No art could have designedly arranged it. It was the workmanship of distributive and gradual chance. Like frost-work on the window, it defied invention and challenged imitation.

The same remorseless hand that would rub out a windowful of frost etchings, for the sake of seeing vulgar things outside, has invaded my room and "put everything to rights." Two months of industrious carelessness will scarce suffice to bring back my paradise! And all the time that fatal fear will overhang me, that, in an unguarded hour, the same calamity will sweep through the room again, and where it found all, everything in disorder and loneliness, leave everything blasted with regularity and order!

But, ah, the days are coming! But seven days, is it, to Spring! Then in one more month—and all my ills will be healed. I shall send everybody to the country. I shall be sole monarch. Then, descending, I shall overturn the despotism of the parlors, and bring to the solitude of the house the joyful boon of disorder! I will forget to put anything in its place. The sofas shall sprout with strange things. Every corner be planted with new commodities. The book-case doors shall never be shut. The chairs shall never have less than half a dozen books. Engravings shall lie in heaps. Right in the midst of manuscripts shall be seen bread and cheese and apples that had begun to be eaten; the ashes shall heap itself in grey disorder; kindling-wood and waste paper shall ruffle the hearth; and everything see everything doing what it was never expected to do. A broom I hate as I do a tyrant's rod. I will expel them! Dust brushes are an utter abomination. I will drive them forth! At present I think it meet to submit. But, I snuff the balmy air that tells me that the vernal days are coming. To me they mean more than to anybody else. To all they mean grass, leaves, lambs, birds, flowers, and odorous smell of soil and vegetation. But, to me, they mean, also, domestic liberty. The end of tyrannous order, the restoration of nature to the house, the undisturbed reign of joyous Disorder!

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[illegible] situated town of about [illegible] inhabitants. It is in the midst of a remarkably fertile, undulating valley, through which the river Cumberland winds its devious way. The adjacent country is thought by good judges to be the very choicest region in the United States; the soil being exceedingly fertile, the land well shaped for culture, and the climate a most pleasant medium between the heat of the gulf States, and the cold of the north. The town is built upon a bluff of the Cumberland, perhaps one hundred feet above low water water mark, and twenty feet above the point of the highest freshets. In the middle of the town is a large square, with a courthouse and market in the centre, and the principal stores and hotels around it. Several of the new stores are equal in size and beauty to our second and third rate stores in New York. There is a great deal of wealth in the place, and many large and solid family mansions, furnished in excellent taste. It is one of the very few southern cities which has the thrifty look of a northern town, and it was advancing rapidly until this rebellion arrested its growth. With regard to your second inquiry, we can say, upon what we consider good authority, that from the beginning of the rebellion until this hour, the real men of the place—its business men and thinking men—have been opposed to the rebellion. For twenty years past, Nashville has dealt chiefly with New York, and has maintained her credit most honorably even in the worst times.

CARRIE BELL.—Last Sunday afternoon this young lady received the following note: "Mr. and Mrs. B. request the pleasure of Miss Bell's company this afternoon at five o'clock." To which the young lady made this reply: "Mr. and Mrs. B.—As your favor of this afternoon does not inform me of the nature of the entertainment to which I am invited, I do not feel at liberty to comply with your request on Sunday. Respectfully, Carrie Bell." This reply having given great offence, Carrie wishes to know whether we think she did right. The substance of her note was undoubtedly right. Any person who thinks it wrong to enjoy the pleasures of society on Sunday could not have accepted such an invitation without violating conscience. But the *manner* of the note is certainly open to objection. It was very abrupt, and scarcely civil. Perhaps something like the following would have been better. "Miss Bell thanks Mr. and Mrs. B. for their polite invitation, which, nevertheless, she is compelled to decline. When Mr. and Mrs. B are informed that Miss Bell's religious convictions forbid her attending social entertainments on Sunday, she is confident they will respect her scruples and excuse her from complying with their obliging request."

CHARLES.—You say you are of very diminutive stature, although an adult, and wish to know if there is any way by which you could grow faster. Perhaps gymnastics would be of use to you, although it may be that your stature, being regulated by the laws of *inheritance*, cannot be changed. If it is a subject that annoys you, it would be well to apply to some physician for a solution of your troubles.

SUSAN.—Is the use of coffee pernicious? It is always better to dispense with the use of this stimulant if a person is of a nervous temperament, although it is also true that this beverage, taken in moderation as to quantity and time, is not hurtful to many unexcitable temperaments, or to persons whose occupations, like that of a farmer, are much out of doors.

EQUALITY.—"Is it right," asks Equality, "when a gentleman is calling on a lady, for her to leave the parlor without excusing herself?" We suppose, by your question, that she did not return. That was certainly very rude, if your conduct toward *her* was unexceptionable; if not, the lady had a right to leave you without an apology.

CURIOSITY.—The present head of the great house of Rothschild is the Baron Lionel Nathan de Rothschild, M. P. He resides in London, which city he represents in parliament. He is the first Jew ever admitted to the parliament of Great Britain, and he not till after a struggle of eleven years.

REYNARD.—The following is Reynard's question: "Do I, or do I not, violate any law of etiquette, by speaking in harsh and violent terms of a public character, when I personally know that the person to whom I am speaking is a warm admirer of the individual whom I denounce?" Unquestionably, you do.

VITELLA.—This young lady is at a loss to know what to say on being congratulated. A young fellow says to her, for example, "I congratulate you, Miss Vitella, upon your brother's promotion." She cannot think of any suitable response. Nothing is necessary but this: "I thank you, sir."

S. A. L., Washington, Pa.—To free your Canary birds of vermin, give them a capacious box, half filled with dry, wood ashes and clean sand, mixed together, to roll themselves in. Feed them, in part, with hard-boiled eggs, and other most nutritious food. The lower the condition of a bird, or an animal, the more subject it is to vermin, which are frequently killed by warm, rich blood alone; so that the mere improvement in condition causes them entirely to disappear. Smoke your cages with sulphur, or wash them with alcohol in which English lark-spur seed has been soaked, (but remember the lark-spur is poison, and not to be used internally.) Make the roosts of sassafras sticks. It would probably be a still further protection to have the whole cage made of camphor wood or red cedar. You say your other pet and great favorite, a Newfoundland dog, suffers greatly from fleas. Dogs will have more or less fleas, in spite of everything you can do to prevent it. But you can apply several remedies which will be measurably efficacious. Your dog is a Newfoundland, and of course likes the water. When he is swimming, the the fleas which infest him collect on his face, ears, and nose, which are above the water; occasionally push his head under, so as to submerge them, and they will drown and float off. In the summer give him a bed of tansy, which is easily procured, or grown, in the country. Vermin on cattle, however numerous, are entirely destroyed by a single application of a small quantity of mercurial ointment between the horns and under the chin. We have often seen this tried, and always with complete success. It is said, however, to be attended with some danger in case the animal takes cold soon after the application; but we never knew any bad effects to be experienced in that way.

WIFE.—In a long and well-written letter this correspondent tells a pitiful story, and among other things says: "Before I was married, my husband had been engaged to his cousin, as I have since learned; but for some reason unknown to me the engagement was broken. Since our marriage he has renewed his intimacy with his cousin, and the two often hold whispered conversations in my presence. When I remonstrate with my husband, he only insults me. What am I to think of such conduct? and ought I to leave him?" There can be but one opinion upon such conduct on the part of your husband. If he is deaf to your entreaties, he is certainly past all other means of reformation. When a man deliberately, cruelly, and heedlessly does that which he knows will pain his wife, it is impossible he should love her; as to your leaving him, that is a question you alone can decide.

DELAMERE.—The following is the information sought by this correspondent: The reigning Sultan of Turkey is Abdul-Aziz, who ascended the throne in 1861. The Emperor of Russia is Alexander II., born in 1818, began to reign 1855. The King of Sweden and Norway is Charles XV. (grandson of Bernadotte), born 1826, began to reign 1859. The King of Denmark is Frederick VIII., born 1808. Isabel II. is Queen of Spain, born 1830, and proclaimed queen in 1833. The King of Bavaria is Maximilian II., born 1811, began to reign 1848. Napoleon III. was born 1808, became emperor in 1852. Queen Victoria was born in 1819, became queen in 1837. The King of Holland is William III., born 1817, began to reign 1849. The King of Prussia is Frederick William V., who began to reign in 1860.

YOUNG HOUSEKEEPERS.—It is impossible for us to "*make*" you economical. You must do that service for yourselves. The *theory* of economy is laid down by the immortal Micawber, in his sagacious advice to his young friend David Copperfield, as follows: "My other piece of advice, Copperfield, you know. Annual income—twenty pounds. Annual expenditure—nineteen, nineteen, six: result—happiness. Annual income—twenty pounds. Annual expenditure—twenty pounds, ought and six: result—misery. The blossom is blighted; the leaf is withered; the god of day goes down upon the dreary scene—and—in short—you are forever floored." Dr. Franklin has propounded the same theory, in a less flowery and more practical manner, namely: "Spend at least one cent less than you earn, every week."

HOOSIER GIRLS.—You speak of certain women in your neighborhood who busy themselves in making trouble between the young girls and their lovers and acquaintances, and ask what you shall do. You can do nothing but avoid the company of such persons. There are plenty of such people in every community, and as fast as you contradict one story they will invent another. Take no notice of them, and they will take less pains to trouble you, when they find you are indifferent to their despicable attacks.

ANNIE says.—"A young gentleman, who has been in the habit of visiting me for six months, has left off coming, without any known reason on my part. What shall I do?" Do nothing; empty-headed fellows often take such methods, meanly hoping thereby to ascertain how much [illegible] Let him stay away till he gets tired of it, and treat him with quiet [illegible] comes back. Such [illegible] fellows should be promptly dropped by all self-respecting young ladies.

BOSTON.—Yes; a fire-alarm telegraph has been in operation in the city of New York for about ten years. The circuit embraces all the bell-towers, the police stations, and the houses of the Chief of Police and the Chief of the Fire Department. Information respecting the fire is conveyed instantaneously and simultaneously to all these points.

C. D. S.—This disconsolate youth is in love with a young lady; "but she is so far my superior in intellect," he says, "that I dare not make her my wife, or even tell her of my love for her." Perhaps she would not accept you, if you *did*. A man who cannot forgive superiority, or even equality, of intellect in a woman, had better remain unmarried.

CONSTANT READER.—The notion that arsenic, taken in small quantities, will improve the complexion and fill out the form, is a complete and most pernicious delusion. Arsenic is a poisonous *metal*, which, being taken into the system, does harm, and only harm, and harm continually. Leave it to the rats, we pray you.

TREMONT.—It would depend on all the circumstances of the case, whether or not you should comply with the request of a young lady to drop a letter for her in the Post Office to a young gentleman who is not a relation. As *a general rule* we think it would be more friendly were you to warn her against the danger of such correspondence.

INQUIRER.—There are thirteen hospitals in the city of New York, or connected with the city, namely: The Bellevue, the Children's, the Jews', the Marine, the New York, the Infirmary for Women and Children, the Opthalmic, the Seamen's Fund, St. Luke's, St. Vincent's, Ward's Island, and the Woman's.

L. S.—You cannot collect the three hundred dollars of your "friend" simply because he promised to pay you that sum for the goods sold to *his* friend, in case the latter did not pay it himself. Your lawyer ought to be able to show you the reason of this *seemingly* unfair, but, in fact, eminently just rule of law.

R. S. says he has kept company with a young lady three years, and feels now as if he did not wish to marry her, and wants to know "how to dispose of her *justly*." We have no advice to give to so mean a fellow. The lady will be greatly the gainer by your absence, take it in what form you may.

IRVING PLACE.—The editor of Punch is Mark Lemmon, but he is not one of its proprietors. His salary is said to be £800, or $4,000, a year. Mark Lemmon is also a contributor to the Illustrated London News, and a writer for the stage.

HORTENSE.—A lady, you say, has misconstrued some remarks of yours as insulting to her. Would it compromise your dignity to offer an apology? No *apology* is necessary. All that is needed in such a case is an *explanation*.

T. H.—It was an offence against good manners and common decency for you to accuse the young lady of falsehood, in the presence and hearing of your guests, no matter what *her* offence may have been.

B. M.—The story which Charles Dickens wrote exclusively for the LEDGER is entitled, "Hunted Down." Back numbers containing it can be ordered through any newsdealer.

MOTHER.—Is Friday an unlucky day? If a man is hung on that day, or breaks his heart, it certainly is; otherwise, it is in our opinion as well-intentioned a day as any of the seven.

HENRY.—A young lady who would twice use you merely for the purpose of waiting upon her to a fair, to meet another gentleman, can have no farther claims upon your attention.

PIKE'S PEAK.—Hiram Powers is now fifty-seven years of age. He is still laboring at his art in Florence, and will probably remain there till he has acquired a competence.

EMELINE.—See Pope's Essay on Man for the words respecting which you inquire:

"Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks through nature up to nature's God."

HOOSIER.—There can be no question as to the impropriety of addressing unnecessarily a lady in the same car who is a total stranger.

H. T. H.—The usual rule of Debating Societies is that a speaker on the affirmative side opens and closes the debate. But every society may make its own rules.

L. M. L.—The youngest child of Queen Victoria is the Princess Beatrice, aged five years.

*** *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*